The Saturday Evening Post.

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LIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

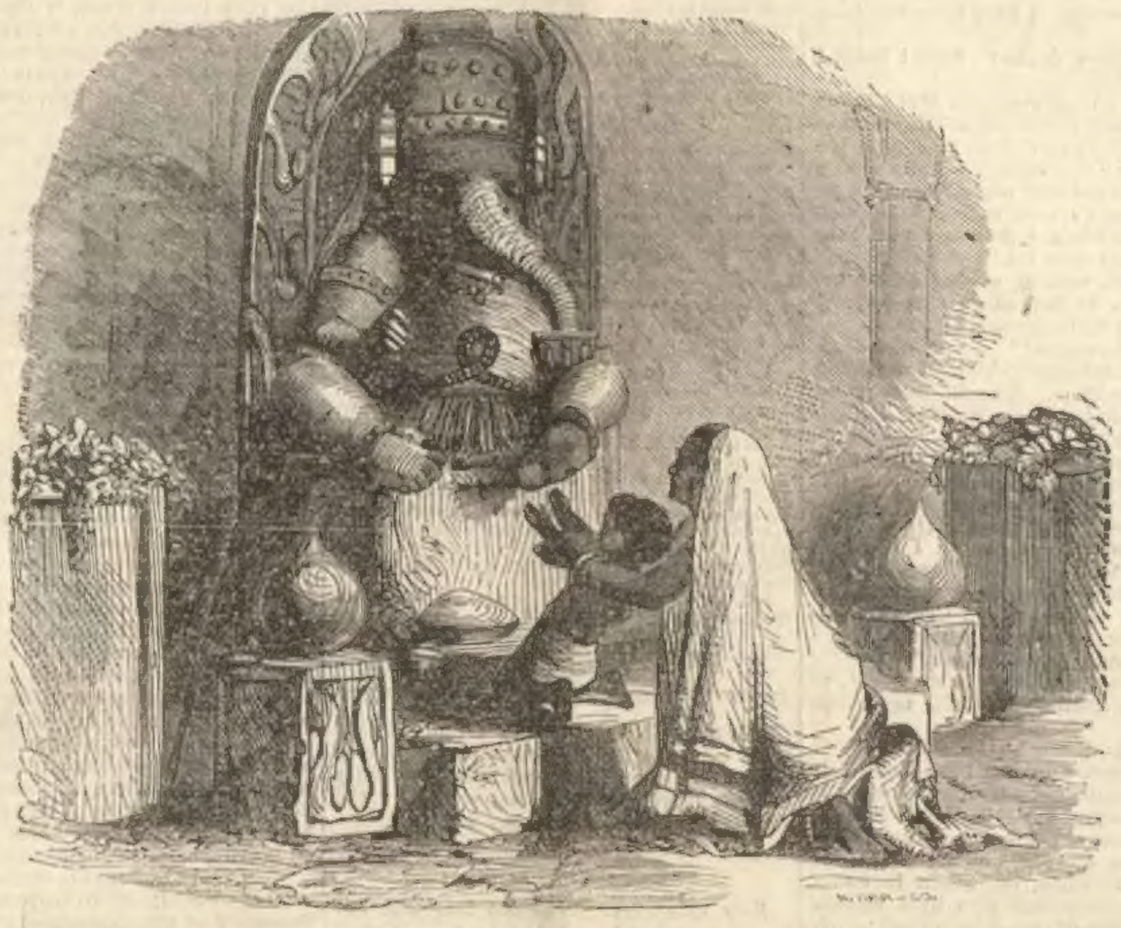
I cried, "Life is a mystery."
He said, "Not so, my friend.
Life is an open book to me,
I read it to the end."
"Expound!" I cried, with glowing cheek,
"For unto me the book is Greek."

I gazed into his piercing eye,
While thus the sage began:
"To be, to do, to laugh and sigh,
This is the life of man.
He cometh forth, and like a flower,
He blooms and withers in an hour."

"Oh! sage," half way 'twixt smiles and tears,
I cried, "is this thy lore?
The long and weary search of years,
This that I knew before?
I know we live and love and die,
But know not whence or how or why."

"I've told thee all," the sage replied,
"And made my meaning plain."
"Then life a mystery is!" I cried,
Triumphantly again.
But still he shook his aged head.
"Not to me, my friend," he said.

"The infant knows as much as thou!"
I cried in angry scorn.
"And neither know the whence or how,
Or wherefore we were born;
And still, though life is sweet to me,
I say it is a mystery."



HINDOO WORSHIP.

The above represents a Hindoo mother, kneeling before an image of Ganesa, the god of wisdom, and teaching the child to worship it. It is only fair to state, however, that intelligent Hindoos deny warmly that they idolize these images. They ask, when an European gazes fervently on a likeness of his mother or his wife or his betrothed—and sometimes even kisses it, or presses it to his heart—does he mean to show thereby his love for the mere picture, or for what it represents to him? In the same way, they claim to bow down before the attributes of the Almighty, and not the mere image, which ugly as it appears to us, is hallowed to them by time and early associations.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The riding-party did not return at noon, but sent us word that they should dine at Mont-Rupell—Ruth's home—and return by moonlight. Mrs. Rupell said nothing about this arrangement, but ordered a hot supper to be prepared for them against their return—and we spent the afternoon in driving.

About nine o'clock, Ferd came in, alone.

"Where are the others?" his grandmother asked.

"I don't know. Coming, I believe," was the reply, as he threw himself upon a chair, and, with his legs stretched out before him, his hands in his pockets, and his head sunk on his breast, looked the image of vexation.

"What is the matter, Ferd?"

"That confounded Auctioneer!"

"*Auctioneer?*"

"Yes. Oh! you don't know about it! You see Cassa's no end jealous of Ruth, who gets all the attention from the fellows who go to the house. And so what does she do but pits other girls against Ruth, trots them out, shows off their paces, gives their pedigree, and says what first-rate roadsters they are, and how wonderfully kind they would be in harness."

"I don't like sporting phraseology, Ferd."

"That shows how she does it, better than anything else. By George, she couldn't manœuvre more if she were some venerable party, with a dozen grown-up daughters. So we call *them* 'Killavir's lot,' and *she's* the 'Auctioneer.'"

"Oh! I understand."

"Well, you see, we fellows fight shy of the girls; but somehow, the Auctioneer tackles us, and contrives to make us bid, in spite of ourselves. Two rosy cheeks, a pair of blue eyes, such a plump hand, and a foot almost too small to be seen. What do you bid, gentlemen? Now's the time! Going for two pound five. Three pound, did you say? Who goes four pound for this valuable lot, warranted as good as new? None the worse for four moonlight walks, six squeezes of the hand, a few kisses, stolen at the gate, one hundred and forty-two polkas—galops and waltzes ad libitum." Ferd finished his tirade by three hammer-like knocks on the floor with the heel of his boot, and Mrs. Rupell laughed, and pronounced his description to be graphic.

"You know I like Aunt Miranda—she's such a jolly fellow—and I had made up my mind for a chat with her, when I found myself seated, by force, at a game of backgammon with Lula, who was spending the day with Cassa. When a lady comes up to you, and says—'Wouldn't you like a game of backgammon with Miss such-an-one?' you can't say no—like a brute—but you allow yourself to be led like a victim to the sacrifice. Now I never want to play backgammon with a girl, for this reason—I am awfully susceptible, and to see a pretty hand fluttering over the board, like a little white dove, and a pair of bright eyes, glancing at one, half in appeal, half in defiance, at every move, and two red lips ponting, if the owner is beaten, or smiling, if she is victorious, always incline me to make a fool of myself. So, *like a fool*, I proposed to Lula to play for some stake, to make the game more interesting—and Lula asked if it should be for a beef-steak. And that was rather funny, for her, and she looked so pretty, laughing, that I suggested that we should play for something she could give me if I won, and I could give her should she beat me."

"What was that?"

"Why, grandmamma, you are a lot more innocent than she was! She turned red and giggled—and we played six games, all of which I won. Then we went in to dinner, and I had forgotten all about it, when, just before I came away, Lula called me into the alcove, to look at a hanging-plant, and then told me I could take my wager. What could I do, grandmamma, but do it? And Cassa saw us, and was delighted. I'll bet I shall hear, in two days, that we are engaged?"

"You shouldn't be so easily managed, Ferd," said Mrs. Rupell, sharply.

"Women are the deuce and all! What can a fellow do when a girl makes up to him!"

"Be on his guard against being made a fool of. Now, Cecil—"

"Hum! *he* is no criterion."

Mrs. Rupell colored, and bit her lip.

"That girl is a fiend," said she. Could she mean poor Lula?

"You will get into trouble, some day, Ferd, if you are not more circumspect."

"I am going to take refuge on a pillar, like St. Simeon Stylites. But if I should, Cassa would send Lula up after me, in a balloon."

"I haven't much fear that you will be entangled by Lula. She's a little fool."

"But a *pretty* one, grandmamma. And that's better than a plain Minerva."

"The Rupells always were fooled by the women," said his grandmother.

"Then I but illustrate a family-failing," said Ferd, laughing.

XVI.

(*Interpolated in Persephone's Narrative.*)

HOW CECIL TOLD RUTH.

However great the abhorrence in which Mrs. Rupell might hold the marriage of cousins, she allowed the very promising flirtation between Ruth and Cecil to ripen into what presented every indication of a serious passion, and instead of presenting any obstacle to its progress, seemed to allow the course of events, without making the slightest attempt to oppose the probable result. She appeared to take the greatest interest in Ferd, and very plainly indicated her disapprobation of the penchant Lula appeared to entertain for her elder grandson. Ruth and Cecil being constantly together, Ferd urged the necessity of seeking companionship where he should not find himself decidedly de trop, and therefore went often to Mont-Rupell, where he was pretty sure to find Lula, either present when he arrived, or very soon following in his footsteps.

One day, Mrs. Rupell, walking in the garden with Percy, who had almost recovered from the effects of her sprain, found Cecil there, alone for once. Telling Percy to run forward, as she wished to speak with her cousin, Mrs. Rupell walked towards her grandson, who was loitering in the enjoyment of a fine cigar.

"What! without Ruth?" she said, touching his arm, for her approach had been unperceived.

"Or I had not been smoking," he said, flinging away his cigar, and offering his arm to his grandmother.

"Cecil," she said, leaning lightly on his arm, for she required no such support, walking with the ease of a young woman, "when is all this to end?"

Cecil paused an instant, as if to search for her meaning, and then replied—

"When you please, grandmother."

"And how?"

"*As* you please."

"You know my pleasure?"

"I think I do. You would have it end as did my cigar, and, as is the fate of many a flame—in smoke."

Mrs. Rupell was silent, and looked earnestly in his face.

"You are a Rupell," said she, at length.

"I do not look it."

"No, you have the Cecil-face; but—"

"Well, grandmother?"

"I thought—you—really—*fancied* her."

"Ruth? She is a charming girl—to flirt with."

"Has *she* been *flirting?*"

"She has made all the advances. I have simply responded."

"Cecil, this is shameful!" said his grandmother, dropping his arm. "She thinks you love her."

"That was your intention."

Mrs. Rupell started, as if she had been stung.

"Acknowledge that you wished to punish her for her attempted interference with your plans—and have permitted her 'to go the whole length of her rope,' to speak more emphatically than elegantly, being assured that *I* should, in the end, be amenable to your wishes."

"How did you know that?"

"By using a little observation, and making some calculations."

"And what is the result arrived at?"

"That you destine me for my cousin Percy."

"Not your *cousin!* She is no relation of yours."

"I beg your pardon. We *call* each other cousins."

"That is allowable. But, were the relationship real—"

"There would be the same objection as in the case of Ruth, who would otherwise be unexceptionable had she but blonde hair, and very much more embonpoint."

"I don't like to hear you speak in that way, Cecil."

"Tell me how you would have me speak."

"With more heart. I wish you were like Rupert."

"That is impossible. And you would soon weary of duplicates."

"I tell you frankly, that had Rupert been willing to do what you are, he had been my choice."

"You asked him?"

"Yes—and he refused, absolutely. 'He preferred poverty and Ruth.'"

"Rupert always was singular."

"Just at this moment his—*singularity* seems refreshing. Cecil, shall you *love* the child?"

"How can I tell, grandmother, until the time comes?"

"Very true. She fancies *you* even now."

A slight smile curled Cecil's lip, and he murmured—

"Very flattering."

"She is a dear little thing, and she will be a beautiful woman. If she had only fancied Ferd!"

"Really, grandmother, you are not very complimentary."

"You are one of those men, Cecil, whom all women love, but who love no woman."

"A very agreeable fact. I am saved from a great deal of trouble if all tales are true."

"It is better to give much than to receive much."

"I reverse that."

"I know it. You will of course be my heir, with the exception of something handsome for Ferd."

"To which he shall be very welcome."

"I am not dead yet," said Mrs. Rupell, sharply.

"You are still a young woman, grandmother."

"I am sixty-three. But people do not die only of old age."

"I wish you to live to educate my bride."

"Your bride. Poor Ruth!"

Cecil buttoned his faultlessly-fitting glove.

"You must tell her of our arrangement."

"Couldn't you, grandmother?"

"No; that is your business."

"Couldn't you allow us to dream a little longer?"

"And endure her half-suppressed triumph? No."

"It will be very unpleasant."

"For *Ruth*. I pity her."

"And *I* pity Cecil Carmand—she has the family temper."

"And some of the family pride, I hope. I don't think she will let you imagine that her heart is broken."

"I hope to be saved from a 'predestinate scratched face.'"

Mrs. Rupell looked at him reprovingly. He raised his hat, bowed and left her. Mrs. Rupell sighed as she followed her grandson with her eyes. She was a woman, and therefore could better appreciate the terrible mortification, if nothing more difficult to endure, that would be Ruth's portion, when Cecil should have made his disclosure. The sigh was also given to a doubt if she had made the best provision for the future of her adopted child, who was already very dear to her, and for whose sake she had offered to forget and forgive all Rupert's obstinate opposition to her former wishes. But Rupert had preferred Ruth to her affection and a re-instatement in his old position, and as she thought of this her heart again hardened towards her granddaughter.

When Cecil left his grandmother he lighted a fresh cigar, and strolled slowly down one of the garden-walks, devoutly wishing that Ruth would make her appearance, and save him from the trouble of seeking a private interview. He hummed a little air as he walked, the air of a song he and Ruth had often sung together, a song with a tender refrain in which was a frequent repetition of the word "love." Then he yawned a little and looked at his watch. Two o'clock. He looked up, half closing his eyes. "Let me think. At two o'clock I have repeatedly found her practicing on the organ. What a good thing it is to be methodical. I shall probably find her there, and that is sufficiently remote should there be any loud talking."

He went into the house, and as he approached the yellow drawing-room, heard Ruth singing a love-song, to the accompaniment of the organ.

"Who is it that says that 'love is a woman's religion?'" he said to himself as he stood with his hand on the door listening to the bird-like notes which tra-la-la'd above the deep swell of the organ. "She has invoked her deity, and if the lightning destroys her it will be her own fault."

Ruth was not pretty, but she was very picturesque, and had beautiful hair, which was always arranged to the greatest advantage, and her dress was always striking and becoming. The great, stained-glass window aided her somewhat, as it did the heroine of St. Agnes's Eve, when she now looked around upon Cecil's entrance, tinting with "rose-bloom" her upturned face, with its large, brilliant eyes, bronzing her loosely-trailing hair, and throwing a purple stain on her white neck, the plump prettiness of which was displayed by her square-cut corsage. The highly-colored accessories of her crimson robe and the yellow furnishing of the room were also very favorable to the picture she presented to Cecil's eyes, and he suddenly resolved not to tell her just then; and, probably in view of the future suffering he should inflict, allowed himself to be even more tender than usual in his words and manner, thinking, perhaps, that this recollection might prove a source of consolation to her at some future period.

The next morning, Ruth, when about to arrange her hair, found a note addressed to herself upon her dressing-table—and, opening it, glanced at the signature, which was—"Cecil Carmand," and then at the heading, which was simply—"Cousin Ruth." She turned very pale, and continued—"As I am to leave Thornhaugh before you are up, I must write the good-bye I should find it difficult to say to the pleasant companion of the last few weeks.

"When I shall return I cannot tell. I shall make another Continental trip, and, as I am not to be married for six or seven years—by which time Percy will have grown up—I suppose I may vagabondize in that interval, and enjoy my freedom to the utmost.

"I hope you will often think of me in my wanderings, and remember that I am always,

"Your loving cousin to command,

"CECIL CARMAND."

After reading this letter, Ruth stood for some time as if stunned, her eyes fixed upon the characters, but evidently seeing nothing. Then she looked in the glass, raised her hands to her hair, which hung loose upon her shoulders, as if to braid it up, then dropped them and again took up the letter, which shook in her trembling fingers.

"He is gone! He is to marry that child! I cannot believe it."

She concealed the note and rang the bell. Susie answered the summons.

"I would like to have you dress my hair this morning, Susie. I feel too lazy to do it."

"Certainly, Miss. Shall I dress it much?"

"As usual."

"I thought, perhaps, now Mr. Carmand is gone—"

Ruth clenched her hands in the folds of her wrapper. "What has Mr. Carmand to do with my hair?"

"Nothing, to be sure, Miss—only sometimes ladies dresses more in the evening, when gentlemen is in the house."

"Mr. Frothingham is here?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Then I see no reason why my hair should not be dressed as usual."

It is *her* doing! Ruth said to herself, and she sat like a statue under Susie's hands until the arrangement of her hair was completed.

Ruth would very much rather have gone to execution than to breakfast that morning, and she laughed in a ghastly way when she saw that the excitement under which she had been laboring had given her a good deal of color. "I shan't look wo-begone, at any rate," she said, with a parting glance at the mirror as she left the room. "It's a pity that I could not suffer in this way occasionally. It would be for the benefit of my appearance."

She entered the breakfast-room with her usual calm, graceful manner, but her heart almost failed her when she saw that Cassa was there. When she was seated, Cassa said to her, "I expected to find you drowned in tears this morning."

"Why?" asked Ruth, looking surprised.

"Because of Cecil's abrupt departure."

"Has he gone?"

"Didn't you know it?"

"No; I thought it was only a threat, but it seems that he felt more—"

"Go on," said Cassa.

"I don't know what I was going to say. Kitty, here is a little cream for you."

Ruth stooped to put the saucer within the kitten's reach. When she raised her head, her face was deeply flushed, as if she had found herself about to betray a secret, and had taken this mode of diverting attention from what she had said. Mrs. Rupell looked at her, evidently altogether puzzled. Cassa felt that instead of giving a blow she had received one; and Ferd, in the distraction of his mind, put a quantity of mustard on his toast.

"Cecil stopped at our house to bid us good-bye," said Cassa presently. "I think he expected to find *Lula* there."

"Very possibly. I should think that she *lived* there," observed Mrs. Rupell.

As this remark bordered on a sarcasm, Cassa took no notice of it, but said to Ruth, "I suppose you will come home *now?*"

"I am in no hurry."

"There are other deer to be hunted," said Mrs. Rupell.

"We haven't had any venison for some time," said Ruth.

"There have been too many poachers around," said Mrs. Rupell. "I can't keep *my* deer to myself."

This hit was palpable, but Ruth ignored it and continued to talk about venison and poachers, and the hairbreadth escape of one of her father's keepers, until breakfast was over.

XVII.

(*Interpolated in Persephone's Narrative*)

DRAMATIC.

"You are unhappy, Miss Ruth."

"!!!"

"You needn't start so. No one suspects it but myself. I have watched and listened, and they all say, 'See how merry she is! hear her laugh! *She* never cared for Master Cecil.'"

"And do *you* think I—care?"

"Haven't your cheeks grown hollow? And don't I know that those dark lines under your eyes mean loss of sleep? Miss Ruth, if I see more than the others, it is because I love you more, and watch all the changes of your face."

"I think you do love me, Bromer. But what can you do for me?"

"Much—if you will only let me."

"You know what *she* has done?"

"No."

"She has promised to make him her heir if he will marry that child."

"Miss Ruth!"

"Now what can *you* do?"

"I can trade with her for a secret."

"A secret?"

"Yes; she shall buy my secret with Master Cecil's return. Don't turn away, Miss Ruth—it is no shame to love an honest man."

"I—do—not—*love*—him, but I cannot endure her to think me beaten—and—humiliated."

"Then, if you do not love him—"

"Well?"

"I will keep my secret.

"You will?"

"My secret is a precious one, and I can only sell it to buy your peace."

"Bromer!"

"Miss Ruth—darling."

"I do—love him."

"I was sure of it, Miss Ruth, dear. Don't cry. It is no shame to love your husband."

"Keep your secret and let me alone."

"No, Miss Ruth. Don't worry. You shall have him again in a few days."

"But, Bromer—"

Bromer was gone.

"Mrs. Rupell."

"Yes, Bromer."

"May I speak with you for a few moments?"

"You may. Run out of the room, Percy. Now, what is it?"

"It is about—Miss Ruth."

"I don't see what you can have to say about Miss Ruth."

"People often have things to say which no one dreams of."

"That is very mysterious, but not at all to the point—unless you are intending to astonish me."

"Perhaps I am."

"What *has* happened? Does any one wish to deprive me of my housekeeper?"

"Do not fear that I shall leave you, Madam. I have a *right* to be here."

"Law and justice are occasionally at variance. But, go on."

"You have sent away Master Cecil."

"I was not aware of it. Neither can I see that it would be any of your business had I done so. There was no clause in the will warranting your interference in family matters."

"No; but I may choose to interfere, seeing that Miss Ruth—"

"Oh! it is Miss Ruth who has been making confidants of my servants!"

"I am not speaking of the servants."

"You were speaking of your intention to interfere, and you are only my head-servant."

"I was in your place once, Madam."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I was head of the house before you came here."

"It was I who made you housekeeper."

"I was more than that before you came."

"What do you mean, woman?"

"I mean that I was all that you are now—but the ring."

"You are mad!"

"Don't ring the bell. Don't bring any one else here to hear it, for I will speak before them all. Annis is *his* child."

"Whose child?"

"Shall I say it?"

"No. It is a lie—a base, cruel lie! Would you malign the dead? Would you blot the fair fame of the master who cared for you after his death?"

"*Why* did he care for me after his death? From a sense that what he did for me was what he owed me."

"Go away! You are a liar! You even slander the dead!"

"It is the truth—I will swear it on anything, by anything. Take me before a judge, and I will swear it. See, he gave me this."

"Oh!"

"You remember it?"

"You stole it!"

"No. Look at the initials in the ring. I should not have dared to have those engraved in one of the family jewels."

"Oh God! pity me!"

"You believe it, do you not?"

"Go away! Never speak to me again!"

"Do you wish me to tell of this?"

"Have you no shame?"

"It is my secret, which I can keep, or—sell."

"Let me think a minute. Oh, me! What were we talking about?"

"About the secret."

"*What* secret? I am an old woman. *My* secrets are with God."

"But this one is known to some one else."

"Send for Rupert."

"She is out of her head! Madam! Mrs. Rupell!"

"What is it? What has happened? Why are my hair and my dress all wet?"

"You fainted, and I was obliged to throw some water over you to recover you."

"Oh—oh! Now—I—re-mem-ber! Leave me! You insult me by staying."

"Shall I tell them all what I have told you?"

"Shall I ring for help to put you out of the room?"

"Do as you please—but I shall make everything known, unless—"

"Well?"

"Unless you recall Master Cecil."

"I understand now whose work this is. Go."

"What is your decision?"

"I lie before you, weak and trembling, prostrated by the blow you have given me, but my will shall still rule yours."

"Then you will *not* recall him?"

"*No.*"

Persephone was standing by the Pool, watching the dead leaves fall one by one into the dark waters and dance lightly upon the ripples, like fairy boats. Then seating herself upon the marble steps, she fancied herself to be a gay Venetian lady, watching the gondolas gliding by, and waiting for a certain gondolier who was tall and very slender, with bright blue eyes and bright black hair, and a most royal bearing. To her great astonishment, knowing her abhorrence of the place, she saw Mrs. Rupell coming quickly towards her, but just before she reached the Pool, pausing and looking around her, as if in search of something.

"Grandmamma!"

"Are *you* here, Percy! Where did Ruth go to?"

"Ruth! I haven't seen her, grandmamma."

"Nonsense! She has been walking before me all the way. I but this moment lost sight of her."

"I wasn't looking. I have been watching the leaves."

"Ruth! Where *is* she? Ruth! Ruth, I say!"

There was no answer, and Mrs. Rupell shivered, drawing her shawl around her.

"Come away, Percy. It is altogether too damp to stay in the vicinity of this water. I am chilled to the very heart."

"Indeed you *do* look very pale, grandmamma. But when I first saw you, your cheeks were as red as fire."

"I had been walking so fast. I am too old, Percy, to fly around in this way. I should be shut up in my coffin."

"Oh! grandmamma!"

"Don't be frightened, child. I am going to live to spite them. We will beat them, yet, Percy, with their own weapons."

"Who, grandmamma?"

"All these conspirators. They think they can frighten me because I am alone; but the wife of Heber, the Kenite, slew Sisera, in the absence of her husband; and I can conquer my enemies, although I have no husband to stand by me. Never marry, child, unless you wish to taste the very gall of bitterness, as I do now. 'There is no one good under the sun—no, not one.'"

"You are good, grandmamma."

"If you knew what was in my heart, at the present moment, you would not think so."

They had now reached the house, and Mrs. Rupell went into the Blue-room, followed by Persephone. Over the mantelpiece was hung a portrait of Mr. Rupell, which had always possessed a fascination for Persephone by reason of its wonderful resemblance to Ruth, of whom it was a handsome likeness—and also by a certain haunting quality of its dark eyes, which seemed to have in them a life and expression beyond the power of paint to render. Was it the child's fancy, or did they seem now to regard his wife with fearful, imploring glances as she approached the portrait, having taken a large, crêpe veil, the veil of her widowhood, from the closet where it had lain, folded with her mourning-robes?

"Bring me a chair, Percy," she said, and mounting upon it, she draped the picture with the veil, so as entirely to conceal it—then, taking off her wedding-ring, together with that that guarded it, she flung them both into the glowing grate beneath. Persephone looked at her, with wondering eyes, half-frightened, but afraid to speak, so tragic was the gesture, so pale and determined the face of her protectress.

"Now that I have put the past behind me, all the happiness that I can call mine in this world is in the future, and *you* are that future, child," she said, folding the little girl in her arms. "You are all I have to love, Percy. Will you promise to love me always?"

"*Always*," grandmamma.

"I am a lonely old woman, Percy, deceived and betrayed on every side, by those who have eaten my bread for years; but still I have some power—I am rich, Percy, and money gives power. All that I have shall be yours. You shall be my heir, Percy, rather than those with that false blood in their veins."

She breathed heavily, once or twice, catching her breath, like one who feels the waves pour over his head, and then burst into a passion of tears. The child clung to her, weeping from sympathy, not even shrinking when she felt the scalding drops pour down her neck and shoulder.

While Mrs. Rupell, still holding Persephone, sobbed, in what seemed a very ecstacy of grief, the child felt her start violently, and was put out of her arms, while she ran to the window, saying—

"That was Ruth's voice! I want to speak to her."

"I did not hear any one, grandmamma," said Persephone, following.

"I did, however. And there she is, going down towards the Pool, late as it is!"

"I don't see any one, grandmamma."

"You must be blind, child! That red dress of hers is a regular meteor, with the red of the sky flaming on it."

"Where is she, grandmamma?"

"Directly opposite this window. There, didn't you see her turn and look back at us?"

"There isn't any one there, grandmamma."

"Don't dispute me, child. I haven't lost my senses, yet. There, I didn't mean to snap so. Give me that hood, and wait here, until I come back. I shall want my little comfort, then."

The child leaned from the window to watch her disappearing under the trees, and just then Ruth came into the room. Persephone looked around, and when she saw who it was, said—

"Grandmamma has just gone after you. She said she saw you going down to the Pool."

"No, indeed! Not at this hour."

"Are you afraid of ghosts?"

"The ghosts of rheumatism and sore-throat. Did she have anything to say to me, I wonder?"

"She said she wished to speak to you."

"Did she?"

"It might have been something you wouldn't have liked to hear. It might have been about Cecil."

Ruth's eyes fairly blazed.

"Why shouldn't I wish to hear something about Cecil?"

"Because he—jilted you."

"Who says that?"

"All the servants."

"A—ah! Then it must be true."

"They are not liars—and—you are."

At one bound, Ruth sprang to where the child was, and struck her on the face.

"Say that again, if you dare! I will no longer suffer your impertinence."

"I will—tell—grand—m—mam—ma," said Persephone, between her sobs, "and—she—will—send—you away."

"Not for *you*, you little beggar-on-horseback!"

"Yes, for *me*. She told me just now, that she meant to give me all her money—for I was the only one she loved."

"She did!"

"Yes; and when this house is mine, you shall never come into it again—never."

"Wait until it is yours," and so saying, Ruth left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 13, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

STACKS! STACKS!!

New subscribers need not fear that our large extra edition of the numbers of THE POST from October 2d is beginning to be exhausted. We have yet stacks on hand. Therefore send on your names without fear. We expect this time to be able to supply all new comers.

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal inducements. By so doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

RENEW IN TIME!

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

☞ Philadelphia has an estimated population of 785,000 souls, which makes it the fourth city as regards size in the civilized world.

☞ Joshua Kannock, of Ossipee, N. H., is, "according to the best information," 106 years old, and has just left off the use of tobacco, because "its effects are injurious, and it tends to shorten life."

☞ A statue of Mr. Peabody is to be erected at Rome by order of the Pope, who is deeply impressed by the charity of the American philanthropist.

☞ The Public Ledger, Philadelphia, has a daily edition of over seventy thousand copies, and, with but one exception, has the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in the world.

☞ There is a man in New Jersey who insists on having his marriage ceremony repeated every year, going through the whole ceremony of new dress for his wife, dinner to his friends, &c.

☞ Is it not cruel to open living oysters? Could they not be previously steeped in some anæsthetic, which would not render them unpalatable or injurious, and so make them disagree with those partaking of them, as they would if they were eaten with chloroform?—*London Fun.*

☞ Men do not like to be ruled by higher ideas than those which possess them. Men who live to eat do not like laws, customs, or any moral advice that teaches them every day that there is a higher way to live. No man likes to have the devil cast out of him. There is as much squealing, and running down hill, and pitching into the sea now as there was in the time of our Saviour. And it is also noticeable that when passions come out of men, they generally take the form of hogs.—*Beecher.*

☞ The Queen of Prussia offers $500 to every woman in the kingdom that has given birth to twelve children. Very old-fashioned that!

☞ The estate of ex-President Pierce is estimated at about $100,000, the bulk of which will go to a nephew who is at Princeton College.

☞ In Texas, the Provisional Governor having applied for authority to enforce an ordinance of the Reconstruction Convention, Gen. Reynolds has decided the ordinances not valid, and says that the ratification of the Constitution will not make them valid.

The Onondaga Image.

The following is from the *Syracuse Journal*, and gives reason to suppose that the image recently found in Onondaga is a relic of a past age:

The undersigned, on the 22d of October, visited and examined the "Fossil Man," or "Sculptured Giant." Negotiations for its purchase being at that time in progress, it was thought improper for us at that time to express our convictions of its character. The sale having been perfected, we are now at liberty to make the following statement:

In common with all who have viewed this object, we are deeply impressed by its extraordinary appearance, and as we look upon it our wonder at the intense excitement which it had produced immediately vanished. When we had fully comprehended its character, the inquiry spontaneously arose—by whom was it made? when and by whom placed here? It is not strange that it has been regarded as a petrifaction.

The popular idea on this subject is vague and undefined. A stone which, by accidental circumstances, has the form of an organized being is regarded as petrified, without inquiry into the mode in which the change has been made. It is sufficient here to say that the soft parts of animals are never petrified. Putrifaction, which commences as soon as the vital forces cease, is rapid. Petrifaction, which consists in a replacing of the dissolved or removed organic matter, is slow, often occupying years. There is no authentic instance of petrified flesh, nor can there be in the nature of things.

The object is a statue wrought by the hand of man, and as such is wonderful in the highest degree. The material of which it is formed is gypsum, and was probably taken from some of the deposits of that mineral in the county of Onondaga. When the statue has been raised from its present place there will be a better opportunity of examining the character of the stone, of determining its relations to existing gypseous strata, and of ascertaining whether it was wrought by stone or steel implements. The statue lies on a bed of gravel and clay, and was covered by an alluvial formation of nearly four feet in depth. This has every appearance of having been formed after the statue was placed in its present position. As a work of art, it is impressive. When it passed from the hands of the artist it must have been expressive and beautiful.

We do not propose any theory in regard to its origin. Much examination must yet be made and various comparisons instituted before any such theory can be formed. We are informed that the owners invite the most searching examination in regard to it, and we are permitted to say that the Regents of the University, to whom inquiries of this character have been committed by the Legislature, will soon adopt measures, evidently demanded by public interest, to ascertain and collect all the facts which can be gathered bearing on the subject.

JAMES HALL, State Geologist,
S. B. WOOLWORTH,
Secretary of the Regents of the University.

Economy in Hours for Study.

An important change in the system of educating children has been inaugurated in Germany. Their school authorities have determined to have no afternoon classes. They have ascertained that three or four hours' clear-headed morning study, without any mental tasks in the afternoon, leads to better results than the old system. It would be well if the hours of study were shortened in our schools. Too much study not only dwarfs the intellect, but damages the physical health. Let the first half of the day be devoted to the acquiring of book knowledge, and the last half to the gaining of bodily strength and vigor.

And, in order to do this, the lessons must not be so long and hard as to encroach upon the afternoon. An hour or so after supper ought to be sufficient to devote to study—leaving the rest of the evening for some pleasant game or conversation, and, in the case of young or weak children, for sleep. Sensible as these views are, it is almost impossible to make teachers conform to them.

One word more. If German children should thus not be overworked, much more is it true of American children. The stimulation of the brain and nervous energy in this country is something terrible, and we must encourage the physical in order to counteract this result of our social and political education by every rational means in our power.

BYRON'S POEM OF MANFRED.—The London Quarterly Review says:—"If 'Manfred' proves anything, it proves too much:

'I have shed
Blood, but not hers; and yet her blood was shed.
I saw and could not staunch it.'

"And this is the poem that reveals the grand secret of his life! It is lucky for him that he had no step-mother, as he would certainly have been identified with Hugo in 'Parisina.' 'The whole poem has been misunderstood, and the odious supposition that ascribes the fearful mystery and remorse of the hero to a foul passion for his sister, is probably one of those coarse imaginations which have grown out of the calumnies and accusations heaped upon the author. How can it have happened that none of the critics have noticed that the story is derived from the human sacrifices supposed to have been in use amongst the students of the black art. It intimates that his sister has been self-sacrificed in the pursuit of their magical knowledge.'"—*Galt's "Life of Byron," chap.* 32.

THE ELECTIONS.—New York has been carried by the Democrats. The Albany Argus (Dem.,) claims 25,000 majority. Horace Greeley runs ahead of his ticket in New York City, but behind it in the state. The Democrats have carried the Senate by a small majority, and the House by 14 to 20 majority—having thus both branches of the Legislature.

The new Constitution and the Universal Negro Suffrage Amendment are defeated by a large majority.

NEW JERSEY.—The Democrats have carried the state.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Republicans are successful by a reduced majority.

In the Legislature the Prohibitionists will be in a very decided minority.

MARYLAND.—The Democrats are successful, as usual.

WISCONSIN.—This state was carried by the Republicans by a reduced majority.

☞ It is announced that the British Government is prepared to agree with our Post-office Department in reducing the rates of prepaid letter postage between the two countries to six cents.

The Byron Case.

Mrs. Stowe's slander against Byron has been pretty effectually killed by the publication in "The Quarterly Review" of several very kind letters to Mrs. Leigh, written by Lady Byron after she had separated from her husband.

Lady Byron left Lord Byron Jan. 15, 1816. Now note the following letters from her to Augusta Leigh—which would seem to be conclusive upon all the main points raised by Mrs. Stowe:

"'Jan. 25, 1816.

"'MY DEAREST AUGUSTA: Shall I be still your sister? I must resign my rights to be so considered; but I don't think that will make any difference in the kindness I have so uniformly experienced from you.'

"'KIRBY MALLORY, Feb. 2, 1816.

"'MY DEAREST AUGUSTA: You are desired by your brother to ask if my father has acted with my concurrence in proposing a separation. He has. It cannot be supposed that, in my present distressing situation, I am capable of stating in a detailed manner the reasons which will not only justify this measure, but compel me to take it; and it never can be my wish to remember unnecessarily those injuries for which, however deep, I feel no resentment. I will now only recall to Lord Byron's mind his avowed and insurmountable aversion to the married state, and the desire and determination he has expressed ever since its commencement to free himself from that bondage, as finding it quite insupportable, though candidly acknowledging that no effort of duty or affection has been wanting on my part. He has too painfully convinced me that all these attempts to contribute toward his happiness were wholly useless, and most unwelcome to him. I inclose this letter to my father, wishing it to receive his sanction. Ever yours most affectionately.

A. I. BYRON.

"'Feb. 4, 1816.

"'I hope, my dear A., that you would on no account withhold from your brother the letter which I sent yesterday, in answer to yours written by his desire; particularly as one I have received from himself to-day renders it still more important that he should know the contents of that addressed to you. I am, in haste, and not very well, yours, most affectionately.

'A. I. BYRON.'

"'KIRBY MALLORY, Feb. 14, 1816.

"'The present sufferings of all may yet be repaid in blessings. Do not despair absolutely, dearest; and leave me but enough of your interest to afford you any consolation, by partaking of that sorrow which I am most unhappy to cause thus unintentionally. You will be of my opinion hereafter, and at present your bitterest reproach would be forgiven; though Heaven knows you have considered me more than a thousand would have done—more than anything but my affection for B., one most dear to you, could deserve. I must not remember these feelings. Farewell! God bless you, from the bottom of my heart.

A. I. B.'"

The Gossip-Mongers.

The gossip-mongers of past days used to be old women—not always of one sex. They live yet, one may suppose; but they cannot make their voices reach far. In the good, ancient days, to make a story spread up and down a village street, was to give it currency and publicity, and the little scandal that had such vogue could work out its intent to the full. But in our time, he who talks to a street full, or a village full, or a moderate town, is doing a child's play.

Yet the devil has given a tough life to malignant gossip, and being killed out of old women's lips by reason of their short range, scandalous titbits of talk have taken its place in the columns of our metropolitan and provincial journals.

They take range under head of "Personals," or "Gossip," or "Items;" and a piquant, lying bit of scandal launched in this way has a buoyancy which proves that the race of scandal-mongers is still fearfully large.

Of course the gossip must appear of well-known personages. A damaging story attaching to Miss Miggs lacks all piquancy; but a mischief-monger who starts impertinent mention concerning the private life of a distinguished general or a notable woman, is sure to gloat over a great harvest of readers.

The sum of lying scandals which thus gain currency is something startling. The intense state of feeling during the war, led to a terrible interchange of epithets, as attaching to particular personages, and many an officer on either side, wholly innocent of the special charge made, is even now loaded with the odium of some current slander. The appetite for these pungent personalities is still fed, as we have said, by the gossiping papers with an envious recklessness. Nor is it done boldly; there is a cover put up of "rumor," or "public report," which the providers of such fare have a deft way of making sponsor for their own scandal.

For example:—"*It is currently understood* that Horace Greeley once appeared at the bar of a criminal court, charged with beating a young negro boy to a pulp."

Or, "*There is little* doubt but that Jefferson Davis, at the date of his capture, was concocting a scheme for poisoning all the wells of the North."

Or, "Mr. Tilton, *we hear*, breakfasted usually upon shark-steaks, with a view of keeping up his gift for crackling editorials."

Of course we do not pretend that these are real items; indeed, we have purposely made them so wide of probabilities as to relieve us of all possible charge of scandal-mongering.

But they are not unfair types of the reckless distribution of personal items in many newspaper columns. We doubt if much that comes under the head of personals is to be accepted as truth, unless it be some statement of the arrival of Mr. So-and-so at the St. Nicholas, which form of statement is generally derived from the fountain-head.

All other sorts it is wise to distrust, and would be humane to discourage.—*Hearth and Home.*

☞ Seven millions of acres of public lands were entered under the homestead laws during the past fiscal year, yielding the Government over $4,000,000.

☞ Mr. George Peabody, the eminent philanthropist, died in London, Nov. 4th.

☞ A fireman of the Central Pacific Railroad fell off the locomotive when travelling at a high rate of speed. After going ten miles the engineer missed him, backed up the train, and found him asleep against the bank.

☞ An Iowa paper tells its readers that they can get Chinese laborers "wholesale, retail and pigtail."

☞ A brace of horse-chestnuts in the breeches pocket are said to have power to keep away the rheumatism. The homœopathists have recently introduced an extract from the horse-chestnut into use as a cure for rheumatism.

Parturition Without Pain.

FROM "THE HERALD OF HEALTH."

In 1841, there was privately printed in England, a small pamphlet of twenty-two pages, in which a gentleman, who was a chemist, gave an account of an experiment he himself tried in the case of his wife, whose *labors* had been so excessively painful that there was much reason to fear she would not survive the next one. The result was so favorable that he felt it his duty to publish it with his name and residence, and a reference to "the ladies, No. 27 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London," where inquiries might be made by others wishing to verify the experiment; and where it was requested might be left accounts of other successful results of the same plan of action.

A few experiments were made in Boston and vicinity with distinguished success; when the discovery of other rather threw it into the shade. As, however, there are persons, especially out of New England, who do not see other, I am impelled to send this account to your journal, in which I make extracts from the time-worn pamphlet, which I am not willing to let go out of my hands. I will begin by stating the conclusion with which the experimenter ends his account, viz.:—"In proportion as a woman subsists during pregnancy upon aliment which is free from earthy and bony matter, will she avoid pain and danger in delivery; hence, the more ripe fruit, acid fruit in particular, and the less of other kinds of food, but particularly of bread or pastry of any kind is consumed, the less will be the danger and sufferings of childbirth."

The subject of this experiment had, within three years, given birth to two children; and not only suffered extremely in the parturition, but for two or three months previous to delivery her general health was very indifferent; her lower extremities exceedingly swelled and painful; the veins so full and prominent as to be almost bursting; in fact, to prevent such a catastrophe, bandages had to be applied; and for the few last weeks of gestation, her size and weight were such as to prevent her attending to her usual duties. She had on this occasion, two years and a-half after her last delivery, advanced full seven months in pregnancy before she commenced the experiment at her husband's earnest instance; her legs and feet were, as before, considerably swelled; the veins distended and knotty, and her health diminishing.

She began the experiment in the first week of January, 1841. She commenced by eating an apple and an orange the first thing in the morning and again at night. This was continued for about four days, when she took just before breakfast, in addition to the apple and orange, the juice of a lemon mixed with sugar, and at breakfast two or three roasted apples, taking a very small quantity of her usual food, viz.: wheaten bread and butter. During the forenoon she took an orange or two and an apple. For dinner she took fish or flesh in a small quantity, and potatoes, greens, and apples—the apples sometimes peeled and cut into pieces; sometimes boiled whole, along with the potatoes; sometimes roasted before the fire, and afterward mixed with sugar. In the afternoon she smoked an orange or eat an apple or some grapes, and always took some lemon juice mixed with sugar or treacle. At first, the fruits acted strongly on the stomach and intestines, but this soon ceased, and she could take several lemons without inconvenience. For supper, she had again roasted apples or a few oranges, and rice or sago boiled in milk; sometimes the apples peeled and cored were boiled along with the rice and sago. On several occasions, she took for supper apples and raisins, or figs with an orange cut among them, and sometimes all stewed together. Two or three times a week she took a tea-spoonful of a mixture made of the juice of two oranges, one lemon, half a pound of grapes, and a quarter of a pound of sugar or treacle. The sugar or treacle served mainly to cover the taste of the acids, but all saccharine matter is very nutritious. The object in giving these acids was to dissolve as much as possible the earthy or bony matter which she had taken with her food in the first seven months of her pregnancy.

She continued this course for six weeks, when, to her surprise and satisfaction, the swelled and prominent state of the veins, which existed before she began, had entirely subsided; her legs and feet, which were also swelled considerably, had returned to their former state; and she became so light and active, she could run up and down a flight of more than twenty stairs with more ease than usual when she was perfectly well. Her health became unwontedly excellent, scarcely an ache or a pain affected her up to the night of her delivery. Even her breasts, which, at the time she commenced the experiment, as well as during her former pregnancies, were sore and tender, became entirely free from pain and remained in the very best condition after her delivery also, and during her nursing.

At 9 o'clock on the evening of March 8, after having cleaned her apartments, she was in the adjoining yard, shaking her own carpets, which she did with as much ease as any one else could have done. At half-past 10 she said she believed her "time was come," and the accoucheur was sent for. At 1 o'clock the surgeon had left the room. He knew nothing of the experiments being made, but on being asked on paper by the husband two days afterward, if he "could pronounce it as safe and as easy a delivery as he generally met with," he replied on paper, "I hereby testify that I attended Mrs. Rowbotham on the 3rd instant, and that she had a safe labor, and more easy than I generally meet with." On his asking the female midwife if she thought it as easy as usual, she replied, "Why! I should say that a more easy labor I never witnessed—I never saw such a thing, and I have been at a great many labors in my time."

The child, a boy, was finely proportioned and exceedingly soft, *his bones being all in gristle*, but he became of large size and very graceful, athletic and strong as he grew up. The diet of his mother was immediately changed on his birth, and she eat bread and milk, and all articles of food in which phosphate of lime is to be found, and which had been left out before. She also got up from her confinement immediately and well. After her last delivery, July, 1838, full ten days elapsed before she could leave her bed, and then she swooned at the first attempt; on this occasion, March, 1841, she left her bed the fourth day, and not only washed but partly dressed herself. Had she not been influenced by custom and somewhat timid, she might have done so sooner. To be assisted appeared like a burlesque to her, not to say annoyance. She had no assistance from medicine, only one bottle had been sent by the surgeon and this she refused to take.

In the former pregnancy she had subsisted very much on bread, puddings, pies, and all kinds of pastry, having an idea that solid food of this kind was necessary to support and nourish the fœtus—and it is quite right to suppose that nutritious food is necessary for this purpose; but nutritious food can be had without that hard and bony matter, which is so large an ingredient in wheaten flour, for instance. The West Indian grains—sago, tapioca, rice, etc.—have little of it; and Mr. Rowbotham made a table of substances with the proportion of phosphate of lime in each, so that it may be avoided in the food during pregnancy, and used afterward in nursing, when the bones and teeth of the child are made. Wheat contains most earthy matter. ["In "Parke's Chemical Catechism," page 194, he quotes La Grange as saying that a person who eats a pound of farina a day, swallows in a year 3 ounces, 4 drachms, and 44 grains of phosphate of lime.]

Beans, rye, oats, barley, have *not so much earthy* matter as wheat. Potatoes and peas not more than *half as much*; flesh of fowls and young animals *one-tenth*; rice, sago, fish, eggs, etc., *still less*; cheese, *one-twentieth*; cabbage, savoy, broccoli, artichokes, coleworts, asparagus, endives, rhubarb, cauliflower, celery, and fresh vegetables generally, turnips, carrots, onions, radishes, garlic, parsley, spinage, small salad, lettuce, cucumbers, leeks, beet-root, parsnips, mangel-wurzel, mushroom, vegetable marrows, and all kinds of herbs and flowers, average less than *one-fifth*; apples, pears, plums, cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, cranberries, blackberries, huckleberries, currants, melons, olives, peaches, apricots, pinea pples, nectarines, pomegranates, dates, prunes, raisins, figs, lemons, limes, oranges and grapes, on the average are *two hundred times less* ossifying than bread or anything else prepared of wheaten flour.

Some articles, as honey, treacle, sugar, butter, oil, vinegar, and alcohol, if unadulterated, are quite free from earthy matter. But still worse than wheaten flour is common salt, and nearly as bad are pepper, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, ginger, coffee, cocoa, Turkey rhubarb, liquorice, lentils, cinchona or Peruvian barks, cascarilla, sarsaparilla, and gentian.

With regard to drinks, no water except rain and snow, as it falls, and distilled water, is free from earthy matter, and every family should have a distilling apparatus; and perhaps it would pay capitalists to form a company, for the purpose of distilling water, on a large scale. Filtering water is not sufficient to purify it of earthy matter, because a filter can only remove such particles as are mechanically mixed, and mere boiling produces no beneficial change. Spring water, pure and limpid as it appears to the eye, is found, upon chemical examination, to contain a very large proportion of calcareous earthy matter; so much indeed that it has been calculated that a person drinking an average quantity of water per day for forty years, will, in that time, take into his body as much as would form a pillar of marble as large as an average-sized man. As it evaporates from the body, it leaves behind the earthy matter which it holds in solution, and thus tends to choke up or incrust the blood-vessels, nerves, in short, to harden and petrify the whole system, in the same manner as we find it incrust vessels from which water is evaporated (for this incrusting only takes place where the water goes off in the form of steam or vapor.) Water from rivers and pits, in addition to calcareous earthy matter, generally contains putrid or vegetable substances.

But drink of any kind is foreign to human nature, in its original capacity. If men ate every day as much fruit as they ought, they would never be thirsty, and so need no drink at all.

Before adding to the above account of the experiment others made in consequence of it, by persons in England and America known to me, I will copy Mr. Rowbotham's account of the origin of his idea. It was from reading, in the "Penny Cyclopedia," the following paragraph:

When first the human embryo becomes distinctly visible it is almost wholly fluid, consisting only of a soft gelatinous pulp. In this gelatinous pulp, solid substances are formed, which gradually increase and are fashioned in organs. These organs in their rudimentary state are soft and tender; but in the progress of their development, constantly acquiring a greater number of solid particles the cohesion of which progressively increases, the organs at length become dense and firm. As the soft solids augment in bulk and density, bony particles are deposited, sparingly at first and in detached masses, but accumulated by degrees; these, too, are at length fashioned into distinct osseous structures, which, extending in every direction until they touch at every point, ultimately form the connected bony frame work of the system. This bony fabric, although soft, solid, and tender at first, becomes by degrees firm and resisting."

Upon the above remarks he reasoned thus:

"If the first visible state of the human being is that of a fluid, or soft gelatinous pulp; and if the embryo or fœtus gradually consolidates, or increases in firmness and density by the accumulation of bony particles, will it not, at any given period of its existence, be more or less firm according to the bony matter which has been deposited?

"And is not the mother's blood the source of this bony matter, since it builds, supports, and nourishes the fœtus?

"And is not the mother's blood derived from her food and drink, and according to the proportion of bony matter existing in them will not the fœtus become more or less firm and resisting?"

Moreover, he knew that it made all the difference whether the fœtus were in gristle or not, at birth, with respect to the pain of labor; and that it was better for the future size and beauty of the child and even its strength, that it should be born with gristle, and not with the bones hardened, but that the latter process should be the consequence of its own food taken after birth. Hence he very philosophically concluded to try the experiment of having his wife feed during gestation on substances which did not hold a large proportion of phosphate of lime, which is the hard ingredient of bone, but take those substances during her period of nursing, and feed the child upon them during its growth.

The experiment succeeded in a partial trial in this morbid case, and it has succeeded in every normal case in which it has been tried, as far as I have known. The first case I know of it at all personally, was that of an English lady, from whom I learned of the pamphlet. She brought to America a most beautiful child, which attracted everybody's attention; looking, as one person said, "like a young god." She said that from the first moment she thought she was pregnant, she lived without eating any bread, potatoes or milk; but subsisted on sago, tapioca, rice, young meat—when she took meat—fruits of all kinds, and vegetables; and drank tea and lemonade made with distilled water. She said she never had an hour of nausea or discomfort during her pregnancy; had so easy a labor that she thought it not worth dreading; and her boy, small and soft at birth, became unusually large, hard, and strong at six months. When born, he, like Mr. Rowbotham's, was covered from head to foot with a downy substance that could only be seen when held against the light, superior to the finest velvet, and of a beautiful feathery appearance.

An American lady, who usually suffered terribly in labor, immediately procured the pamphlet and governed her diet by it partially, and had the easiest labor she had ever had. Another, who governed herself *wholly* by it, from the first moment she was aware of being pregnant, like the English lady, never experienced a moment's discomfort before delivery. She had taken nothing made of our grains, but confined herself to the West Indian ones—rice, sago, tapioca; and taking a disgust to our summer fruits, subsisted largely on oranges, tamarinds, marmalades, and also took a great many lemons. At first, the fruits made her bowels too loose, but she did not abandon them on that account, but took mutton broth with rice in it, to correct this effect. She also took fish and sardines, and the young of meats; for the older animals are, the greater quantity of earthy matter is contained in their secretions, and so it is even with milk. She had so little thirst that she drank nothing but a little tea made with distilled water. This lady and her husband were neither of them very young—she was 35 and he 40 at the birth of her eldest child; and she had been an invalid in her chamber from fifteen to thirty years of her life, though very well at the time of her pregnancy, and, for the first time of her life, taking much exercise in the open air. Consequently, and because of her extreme nervous delicacy, she did not escape pain in the labor the first time, and the process was several hours. But in the two succeeding times, at the last of which she was 40, the labors were very short and not at all severe. In all the cases she had rigidly adhered to the diet, without a single day's exception; and her three children were perfectly splendid instances of large, healthy, strong, and beautiful *physique*. The youngest of them is now 18 years of age. Only one ever had any important illness, and that from extraneous cause, surmounted, as the physician said, by her perfect constitution. The teeth of all these children are very hard, like rocks.

In no other case have I known of such exact compliance with the conditions as this one, but in very many cases partial compliance, with corresponding success; and it is worthy of observation that in all those countries where tropical grains, rather than those of the temperate zones are the food, and where vegetables and fruits predominate in the diet, as in the south of Europe, among the negroes of the Southern United States, among the Hindoos, and tropical nations generally, parturition is nearly painless. Combe says: "The very easy labors of native American negresses are not explicable by any prerogative of physical formation, for the pelvis is rather smaller in these dark-colored races than in the European and other white people."

Nor is it to be referred to habits of greater exercise: "The Hindoo and other females, whose habits are anything but laborious, have always very easy labors."

In short, *the diet* is the only cause to which easy or difficult labor may be referred in general. In twenty-five years I have never known a mother who tried this experiment who has not blessed the knowledge of it; and it has saved many a young mother needless terror.

[*Note.* We publish the above on account of the great importance of the subject—and as suggestive of cautious experiments in diet, in the direction recommended.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

☞ Concerning Jefferson Davis, the New Orleans Picayune says: "Mr. Davis will not and cannot, under any possible circumstances, be induced to enter into the politics of the day or accept any position in public life. As to this he is content to be of the past; as to works of material usefulness, he desires to be of the present."

☞ The European press make many paragraphs about Fraulein Tinne, who recently died, a "victim of society." She had high social position, and was in every way accomplished. She fell in love with the scion of one of the reigning houses of Germany, who loved her in return, but could only offer a "left-handed" marriage, which Miss Tinne declined. She then cut Germany, and took to travelling among the uncleanly people of the East, who for the gold she carried, murdered her and her servants. She was only thirty, and had an income of $1,200,000 a year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 10,000 bbls sold at $5@5,75 for superfine; $6@6,25 for extra; $6,25@6,75 for Penna extra family; $6 25@7 for low grade and choice Northwest extra family; $6,25@7 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $7,50@8,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—5.0 bbls sold at $6.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off; 20,000 bus of Indiana red sold at $1,25@1,38 ₱ bus; 20,000 bus of Penna red at $1,28; 15,000 bus of Southern red at $1,28; 8000 bus of Western white at $1,45@1,48, and choice Kentucky white at $1,58@1,62 ₱ bus. Rye—6000 bus Western and Penna sold at $1,05@1,10 ₱ bus. Corn—24,000 bus of Penna and Southern yellow sold at $1@1,03 ₱ bus; 30,000 bus of Western mixed at 95@98c, and 2000 bus of new yellow at 85@86c ₱ bus. Oats—50,000 bus of Penna and Western sold at 55@55c, and 3000 bus of Southern at 60@62c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of 350 bbls old mess Pork at $22@22,25. Green Meats; sales of 500 tcs pickled Hams at 17@17½c, and Shoulders at 14½c. Butter, sales are making at 20@35c for Western; 40@45c for New York; 10@30c for solid packed, and 35@40c roll. Cheese sells at 19@19½c ₱ lb. Eggs are selling at 25@28c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—There is rather more doing. Sales of 900 bales of Middlings at 30½ for Uplands, and 29½c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,50@1,60; Mixed do $1,45@1,50; Straw $1,40@1,45.

SEEDS—1100 bus Cloverseed sold at $6, 50@7; Flaxseed sells at $2,47@2,50 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3448 head. The prices realized from 8½@8,85 cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—12,0 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 15,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

A MESSAGE.

Oh wind, that bloweth from the west—
Oh sighing Summer wind!
Go thou to those whom I love best,
And call me to their mind;
And sweetly speak at close of day,
When stars are in the blue,
Of one who loves them, far away,
The absent and the true.

How Hostetter's Bitters Cure Dyspepsia.

THE WHOLE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.

The office of the stomach is to convert the food into a cream-like semi-fluid, called CHYME. This is effected partly by the action of a solvent, called the gastric juice, which exudes from the coating of the stomach, and partly by a mechanical movement of that organ, which *churns*, as it were, the dissolving aliment. The CHYME passes from the stomach into the duodenum, or entrance to the bowels, where it is subjected to the action of the bile, and the nutritious portion of it converted into a fluid called *Chyle*, which eventually becomes blood.

Now, it is evident that if the great solvent, the gastric juice, is not produced in sufficient quantity, or if the mechanical action of the stomach is not sufficiently brisk, the *first process of digestion* will be but imperfectly performed. It is also clear that if the liver, which plays such an important part in changing the nourishing portion of the chyme into the material of the blood, is congested, or in any unnatural condition, the *second process* will not be thoroughly accomplished. The result of the *two failures* is *dyspepsia*, complicated with *biliousness*.

The mode in which HOSTETTER'S BITTERS operate in such cases is this: They invigorate the cellular membrane of the stomach, which evolves the gastric juice, thereby insuring an ample sufficiency of the fluid to completely dissolve the food. They also act upon the nerves of the stomach, causing an acceleration of the mechanical movement necessary to reduce the food to a homogeneous mass. They also act specifically upon the liver, strengthening it, and so enabling it to produce an ample and regular supply of bile, for the purpose of converting the nutritious particles of the *Chyme* into *Chyle*, and promote the passage through the bowels of the useless debris.

In this way, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS cure dyspepsia and liver complaint. The explanation is plain, simple, philosophical, and *true*. nov6-it

☞ Two or three of our leading allopathic physicians have, during the summer, tested the efficacy of watermelons upon persons affected with bilious troubles. They are said to have given instant relief.

Just Out.

"CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,"

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure as quick.

RESHTON & Co.,
oct23-2m 10 Astor House, New York.

☞ SCIENTIFIC ZEAL.—Professor Mantegazza, the physiologist, was recently engaged in investigations on the lowest forms of life. Believing that he could detect the very beginnings of organic existence in an infusion he had made, he kept his eye steadily upon it, in the microscope, for sixteen hours, without intermission, until compelled by exhaustion to leave it.

ANOTHER remarkable case of Cancer cured by Drs. Babcock & Son, 700 Broadway, New York. So many extraordinary cases of this terrible affliction, through the system of these eminent physicians, have recently come to knowledge, that they are induced, as a matter of duty, to call public attention to the remarkable results they have effected, in the cure of a Cancer in the Breast—*without the knife*—of Mrs. A. J. Crowell, of Manchester, Mass. The thousands of cases which, during the lapse of years, have proved to be permanent cures, attest the wonderful effects of Dr. B.'s system, which is painless, and has incited them to a similar mode of treatment for malignant tumors, scrofula, and other affections of a like nature. It is understood that Mrs. C. has consented, for the benefit of the afflicted, to answer letters of inquiry concerning her case, addressed to her as above. nov13-2t

☞ An English writer recommends, as the "best material for male corsets," leather laced with whip-cord and stiffened with a steel plate in front.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

This is admitted to be the fact by the thousands who are now using *Dr. Tobias' Celebrated Venetian Liniment*. It has been introduced since 1847; and no one once trying it is ever without it. It will positively cure the under-mentioned complaints, if used as directed:

Chronic rheumatism, sore throat, headache, toothache, sprains, bruises, old sores, swellings, mosquito bites, and pains in the back, chest or limbs. Also taken internally, for cholera, diarrhœa, dysentery, croup, colic, sea sickness, spasms, &c. It is perfectly harmless to take internally. (See oath accompanying each bottle.) It has never failed to cure every case of diarrhœa, dysentery, and croup, if used when first taken. Always have a bottle in the house in readiness, and you will never regret it.

Price, 50 cts. and $1. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. nov6-4t

☞ It is a first condition of sound legislation to apprehend clearly how dangerous and even fatal it is to attempt more by legislation than legislation can effect.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

☞ SINGLE RAIL RAILROAD.—The French are trying successfully a single rail railroad. The carriages are furnished with two wheels following each other, one forward and the other behind, which run on the rail; while two other wheels, one on either side, run on the ground, and preserve the equilibrium of the carriage.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, unlike the remedies that live but for a day, has now been before the public for over a quarter of a century, effecting cures in the most hopeless cases of old sores, cancers and ulcers.

☞ The New York Independent calls Peter Cartwright "one of the famous Peters—Peter the Great, Peter the Hermit, Peter the Fisherman, and Peter the Cartwright;" but strangely omits Salt Petre, which has made more noise in the world than all the others.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 23 and 25 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

Delightful Effects of Habit.

Habit is everything. We have all heard the story of the man who slept above a baker's oven for twenty years, then changed his lodgings, but had to go back to the oven before he could sleep. A case illustrating the same principle recently occurred in Ohio. A city man, accustomed to lodge on one of the noisest streets visited a country friend. Too much quiet destroyed his rest at night. His friend felt for his distress, and said he would try to relieve it. Accordingly he went to a neighbor's and produced a brass drum, which he beat under the fellow's bedroom window, and had his boy run a squeaking wheelbarrow up and down the porch, while his wife played on the piano, and his servant pounded on his chamber door with the tongs. In this manner the sufferer was enabled to get two or three hours of quite refreshing sleep, though it was heavy on the family.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from one to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ A curious scene was witnessed the other day at St. Petersburg, in Russia. The First Regiment of the Imperial Horse Guards was drawn up in line, when a young officer, dressed in full regimentals, was led up to the colonel of the regiment, who struck him in the face, took his sword from him, ordered him to kneel down, broke his sword over him, told two other officers to tear off his uniform, and then had him clad in the coarse uniform of a private of the line. The officer thus degraded had stolen money from one of his comrades, and committed a number of forgeries.

OFFICERS (volunteer or regular) or their next of kin, if dead, in the U. S. A. or U. S. M. C., between May 1, 1864 and March 1, 1865, will be greatly benefitted by immediately communicating with R. S. LEAGUE & Co., 125 S. Seventh st., Phila. sep4-1y

☞ A well-meaning gentleman in this city, the other day, in trying to offer something soothing to the feelings of a lady who had lost her husband, said, somewhat tenderly, "My dear friend, we all have troubles—*pray don't let trifles disturb you.*"

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Oct., by the Rev. L. P. Hornberger, Mr. JAMES S. MOORE to Miss EMMA R. PARSONS, both of this city.

On the 19th of Oct., by the Rev. T. Stork, D. D., Mr. CLEOPHAS AMEY to Miss MARY A. HARLEE, both of this city.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. W. H. Burrill, Mr. GEORGE BOATE to Miss MARY LEAMY, both of this city.

On the 28th of Oct., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. WILLIAM SLOAN to Miss BELLA HARPER, both of this city.

On the 10th of Sept., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. FREDERICK BEHNT to Miss HANNAH SAYLER, both of this city.

On the 27th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. J. CRAYTON WHITE, formerly of Lancaster co., Pa., to Miss ANNIE HILL, both of this city.

On the 27th of Sept., by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, Mr JAMES WILLIAMSON to Miss LIZZIE PATTERSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, near Birmingham, Indiana, on the 18th of 10th mo., 1869, after a short but severe illness of pleuro-pneumonia, OLIVER CAULK, aged 77 years lacking 12 days.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM P. HARRIS, in his 70th year.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM H. CANBY, aged 22 years.

On the 1st instant, EPHRAIM CLARK, in his 68th year.

On the 1st instant, MARY JENKINS, in her 65th year.

On the 31st of Oct., WILLIAM SIMPSON, in his 74th year.

On the 31st of Oct., MARY JANE, wife of Robert Mills, in her 28th year.

On the 31st of Oct., Mrs. ANN HOLTON, aged 61 years.

On the 30th of Oct., WILLIAM NEAL, Sr., aged 70 years.

On the 29th of Oct., AUGUSTUS SIDGLEY, in his 76th year.

THE MYSTIC.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones;
Ye knew him not: he was not one of ye;—
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn;
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction; he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experience of converse lives,
The linked woes of many a fiery charge
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.
Always there stood before him night and day,
Of wayward, vary colored circumstance,
The imperishable presences serene,
Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,
Dim shadows but unwaning presences,
Four faced to four corners of the sky:
And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,
One forward, one respectant, three but one;
And yet again, again, and evermore,
For the two first were not, but only seemed
One shadow in the midst of a great light,
One reflex from eternity or time,
One mighty countenance of perfect calm,
Awful with most invariable eyes.
For him the silent congregated hours,
Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath
Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes
Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light
Of earliest youth, pierced through and through with all
Keen knowledges of low-embowered old)
Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud
Which droops, low-hung, on either gate of life,
Both birth and death: he in the centre fixt,
Saw far on each side through the grated gates,
Most pale and clear and lovely distances.
He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect, and power, and will, hath heard,
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.
How could ye know him? Ye were yet within
The narrower circle; he had well nigh reached
The last, which, with a region of white flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,
Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

—*The Atlantic Almanac for* 1870.

Captured by Brigands.

"At ten sharp, and mind you're punctual," was the parting injunction of my friend, as we separated at the door of the Casino Inglese, in Rome, during the month of April, 1869. Expeditions to various parts of the Campagna are among the chief attractions of the Holy City, when the mind has become, as it were, satiated and almost harassed by a continual round of sight-seeing. And very pleasant are these riding parties, consisting, as they do generally, of seven or eight young people, with two or three married men to leaven the lump, the most important member being some *habitue* well acquainted with the turns of the Campagna. The morning of our expedition broke one of those lovely days that seem inseparable from a southern climate, and that positively shame the most determined sluggard from his bed to enjoy the morning air. At a few minutes before ten I was at the Porta del Popolo, inspecting my horse, and making sure that a small supply of corn had been sent for him in the carriage that was to accompany us. This carriage was occupied by three ladies, the mothers of the young girls on horseback, and by an English artist, who was in too delicate health to attempt the long ride to Galera. All told, our riding party consisted of eight; three ladies and five men, the extra one being Mr. Rivers, the well-known guide over the Campagna, to whom every wood and turn on its broad expanse is as familiar as the shops in Piccadilly are to a Londoner. With the arrival of the ladies began a long argument as to the hour the helpers were to meet the horses; which horse was the property of which lady; and a host of various trifles that eventually delayed our departure till 10.30, and would probably have kept us much longer had not Mr. Rivers, being a little deaf and very determined, quietly trotted off up the road, leaving us all to follow as best we could. After about half-an-hour's quiet riding we branched out on to the Campagna, and were soon merrily galloping along its enormous enclosures, our horses' heads set straight for Galera. In about four hours' time we were stabling our quadrupeds in a farm-house that lies half-a-mile from the deserted town itself, and helping each other to take off the saddles and bridles. We all then proceeded to walk down the hill to the spot chosen for our picnic. Imagine, reader, a spreading walnut tree by the banks of a noisy stream, a large cave in the background, and behind that a high precipice covered with brambles and shrubs; on the right, the ruins of Galera, now covered with ivy and weeds, on the left, a lovely valley running into the broad Campagna. This was the place we had chosen, and I think I may fairly say a fitter or lovelier spot could not have been fixed upon. Ho! Ludovico! bring out the *mayonnaise*, now the bread, plates, knives, and glasses, and let us set to work at once, for Galera is no place to tarry in"—malaria and other noisome diseases attack the loiterer in this pleasant valley, and cause him to rue the day he sojourned here too long. Luncheon over, we young ones wandered round the ruins, while the artist, Mr. Rivers, and the two other occupants of the carriage, took an elevated position to enjoy the view. For two hours we clambered over the stones, peered into roofless houses, admired ruined churches, and tumbled into holes craftily concealed by overhanging branches, until, at last, we arrived at the conclusion that the time had come to return for our horses. It was then four o'clock, and we dawdled so long on our road up to the farm, picking the violets that covered the banks on our way, that it was past five when we filed out of the yard on our road homewards. I never yet saw a riding party, especially a Roman riding party, on a fine spring evening that did not divide itself into pairs, and, strange to say, those pairs are generally very much engrossed by each other's conversation; far be it from me to say they flirt. Birds fly in pairs very often, and as Harold Skimpole would say, "Mankind will not surely deny to young people what it concedes to birds;" and during this eventful ride mankind, represented by Mr. Rivers, had been gracious towards the young, never once interfering with their conversation or suggesting the presence of a gooseberry picker, as a third person is sometimes not inaptly styled. Now it happened that I, the writer of this narrative, had taken up my position as a member of the last pair, the second person being one of Columbia's fair daughters. I hope it does not sound conceited to say that she was sufficiently interested in my conversation to lag behind the rest with me, and to trust to my knowledge of the Campagna to bring her eventually in safety to the Porto del Popolo; at all events such was the case, and as such I relate it. The sun was now fast setting, and those in front of us were urging their horses into a gallop wishing to reach home before darkness came on. By this times Miss K. and myself were some distance behind our party, and whilst entering a wood that lies about half-way between Galera and Rome, I mentioned to her that when once clear of the trees it would be better for us to push on and join the main body of the party, as I thought that our horses were getting tired and that they would go better in company. The path through the wood was narrow and Miss K. preferred leading, so that when about half-way through she was ahead by perhaps a hundred yards. Suddenly I found my horse's bridle seized and myself roughly dragged from the saddle by a man who had started from the bushes. Before I could open my lips to shriek a word of warning to Miss K., I had a dirty rag stuffed into my mouth, and found myself in danger of speedy suffocation. However, I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss K. look round, and taking in at a glance the state of affairs, whip her horse into a canter that soon enabled her to outstrip the ruffian, who had started in pursuit of her. My own horse too had escaped and rushed wildly through the bushes in the direction of Rome. The man who had attempted to seize my companion, finding his chase a fruitless one, now returned, and aided brigand No. 1 in the pleasing and lucrative pursuit of rifling my pockets, which they soon eased of the few coins I had with me, my pocket-book, and handkerchief, but a glad smile came over their faces as they drew out of my inside pocket a small silver mounted pistol that I always carried with me, fondly imagining that it might some day prove useful; foolish hope, and vain precaution! I had been dragged off my horse, and pinioned before I could get my hand near it; so much then for the utility of a pistol. As soon as the sound of horses' hoofs had died away in the distance, my captor roughly jerked me to my feet, and proceeded to drag me through the bushes in the direction of Galera, he still kept the filthy rag over my mouth, and I was well nigh sick from the odor of the garlic it exhaled. I had now sufficiently recovered from my surprise to examine the looks and dress of my captors. They were both dark, strong looking men of middle stature, not at all of a bad cast of countenance, and clothed in the regular Campagna peasants' dress, with a sheepskin sort of jacket. Guns they had none, but each man wielded a thick stick, and I shrewdly suspected carried in his pocket the invariable stiletto of the Roman peasant. I was not much of an Italian scholar, and these men talked in a very different Italian from mine, but still I managed to catch a few words of their conversation, from which I made out that they were calculating on the chance of reaching Galera, before the gendarmes, that were sure to be sent out by the riding party immediately on their arrival in Rome, could overtake us. After about half-an-hour's walk, the rag was removed from my mouth, but I had a strong hint given me as to preserving silence, by seeing my own pistol at full-cock pointed in a line with my ear, and a sign given me by the man on my right that I should receive the contents of it if I attempted to call for help. After an hour's hard walking, I became so exhausted that I felt hardly able to proceed. I had been in delicate health during part of my stay in Rome, and I had not yet recovered my strength; besides, walking through bushes in boots and spurs is no light task. At last, totally exhausted, I threw myself on the ground, and showed by signs that I could not move on. After some hesitation, the man who had pulled me from my horse, proceeded to pull off my boots and spurs. "Well," thought I, "better to walk without them on this smooth grass where there are no stones." But I soon discovered my error, for I found that there were innumerable little hard lumps of earth and brambles that caused me the most fearful agony, and I was again obliged to throw myself down. My strength was now exhausted, and I signalled that if they wished me to proceed they must carry me. I closed my eyes, and throwing back my head begged earnestly that I might be allowed some, if only ten minutes, repose. I had just begun to think they had granted me this petition, when I was suddenly made to start up by the most fearful dart of pain through my feet; to my rage and horror I saw that the ruffians had lighted a match and were carefully applying it to the soles of my feet. They now explained to me by signs that unless I went on they would continue their pleasing operation till I did. For a moment I tried to bear the pain and to lie still, but the agony became too intense, and I was forced to stand up; once fairly upright, they passed a rope round my waist, and actually dragged me along. I felt that I was gradually losing consciousness, my eyelids closed, my head swam, a sort of buzzing noise filled my ears, and I became indifferent as to what was happening; I only felt an occasional pang of pain from my feet, now naked and bleeding. Suddenly I became alive to the fact that we were among the ruins of Galera, and by a great effort I sufficiently recovered myself to notice that we were entering a cave, formed by the fall of some large stones from the wall of the town that looked over the valley. Once inside this place my captors tied my legs and arms and threw me on a rough couch of fern that was strewn near the entrance of the cave, and then left me to rest, while they earnestly conversed at the other end. I tried hard to listen, but exhausted nature overpowered me directly, and I fell into a deep, feverish sleep. I must have slept about four hours, when I was awakened by a terrible thirst, my eyes were burning and my head throbbed with such intensity as to be almost unbearable. The two men were sitting wrapped in their cloaks about five yards from my bed, and when I begged for some water one of them stretched out his arm and handed me a small jugful. Having slaked my thirst, I fell back again and soon slept. I was rudely awakened by a feeling of suffocation and of intense heat about my head and neck. Alarmed at what I concluded was some new device of the enemy. I felt about with my hands, and found that one of the men was holding his cloak over my head and neck. At first I thought he meant to suffocate me, but soon the sound of men's voices came confusedly to my ear through the cloak, and I immediately guessed at what was really the case, that a party sent from Rome were searching the ruins in quest of me. My first impulse was to sing out for help; but I speedily subsided when I felt the pistol pressing against my temple. I then felt that my only chance was to lie still, and trust that one of the party, more minute and careful than the rest, would, during the search, discover the mouth of the cave and proceed to explore it; but the hope was very faint, for I remembered that the entrance was nearly concealed by hanging bushes and ivy, and it was almost impossible for anyone not knowing of the cave to suspect its existence; evidently, then, I must arrange some plan to attract the attention of the searchers, and that quickly. I do not think I mentioned that the floor of the cave was a steep incline, the lower end being the entrance; there was then a drop of some nine feet from the cave to the ground. We had climbed up this by means of some projecting stones. During my restless sleep I remembered having struck my feet against a small barrel at the end of my bed of fern. I now determined, if possible, to give this a kick, trusting to the velocity it would acquire in running down so steep an incline to carry it out of the cave before it could be stopped, and hoping that the noise of its fall would attract the attention of some of the police. So gathering up my feet as far and as quickly as I could I gave the barrel a most energetic kick, which, though it had the effect of almost breaking my bare toes, sent the cask spinning down the incline, and out of the mouth of the cave. For a moment it hung in the ivy, and great was my fear that it would stick there, but it was too heavy, and finally fell with a crash, that made my heart glad, into the valley beneath. When the ruffian who was keeping my head covered felt the sort of jump I gave in order to effect my kick, he at first imagined that I was attempting to break my cords and escape, he bent down, therefore, to hold my head the tighter, and, consequently, the rolling barrel did not catch his eye; it was only when the noise of its fall came upon his ear that he suspected the real reason of my movement. As quickly as he could he pulled me from my couch, and tried to drag me to the other end of the cave, but seeing that he did not intend to use his pistol, I gathered courage, and wriggled and struggled to such purpose, that before he could drag me very far, the cavern was filled with my friends, and my captors became in their turn prisoners. Luckily for me, the barrel that I had dispatched so vigorously had almost fallen on the cocked hat of a gendarme below, and this worthy naturally looking up, his practised eye at once caught sight of the projecting stones, and discovered their use; in less time than it takes me to write this, he had clambered up, calling as he went to his companions to follow him. Among the police I saw two of my English friends who had been of our riding party, and from them I learned, that when Miss K—— had caught them up—which, owing to their having increased their pace, she did not do for some time—and had communicated my capture to them, they decided to make all haste for Rome, and then to send out a party of police in search of me. Their reason for not returning themselves at once was, that they did not know how many brigands there were, and they naturally did not wish to imperil the safety of three ladies in a probably useless search after one unlucky cavalier. We soon formed a cavalcade, and having borrowed a horse from the farm where, on the previous day we had stabled our beasts, we again set out for Rome, arriving there in safety at eleven o'clock on the day following that on which we had started for our pic-nic. My narrative is only the plain truth, and may serve neither "to point a moral nor adorn a tale," but it will prove to my readers, that in the present condition of affairs in and about the patrimony of St. Peter, picnic-ing in the Campagna, though very pleasant, has just a dash of danger in it which will make my adventurous countrymen relish the sport all the more, whilst the timorous may take warning at my having been "captured by brigands."

SUMMER SNOW.

BY MISS MOLLIE E. MOORE.

Aline, Aline, the prairie wears
Its yearly fall of Summer Snow,
For white upon their slender stalks
The milk-weed blossoms blow.
They hide the grassy plots again
Where the quails lie low and whist'e sweet,
And I again stray forth to watch
The coming of your feet.

The faithful clouds above stoop low
With far-off blue like mist between;
Your hair was like a shower of gold
That summer day, Aline,
The sweet love-look was in your eyes,
A love-smile on your lips below,
As down the winding path you came
Knee-deep in Summer Snow!

I, with a man's impatience chafed
To mark your woman step, that stayed
At every turn to hear the cries
The nestling partridge made!
I feel the old impatience rise,
I hear the birds whirr to and fro,
I see the brown path winding still
Through drifts of Summer Snow.

When will this trick of watching cease?
Full thirty years since then have been,
But still, whene'er the milk-weed blooms
I watch for you, Aline.
I half forget the distant grave
That Northern violets cover so,
Where thirty seasons you have lain
Breast-deep in Winter Snow!

☞ WORKING BACKWARD.—A worthy Scotch couple, when asked how their son had broken down so early in life, gave the following explanation:—"When we began life, we worked hard, and lived upon porridge, and such like, gradually adding to our comforts as our means improved, until we were able to dine off a bit of roast meat, and sometimes a boiled chuckie (chicken); but Jack, our son, worked backward; he *began with the chuckie first.*"

☞ There are men who, in this world, will never grasp the difference between predicting an eclipse and conspiring to bring it about.

The Signora Crezza di Morto*.

A whimsical and singular circumstance occurred some years ago in Palermo, which cast into the shade the budget, the aristocracy and the press. For the allotted "nine days" due to every new wonder, the whole city talked of nothing but the Signora Crezza di Morto. She is a lady of twenty years of age, her person beautiful and exquisitely proportioned, her complexion white and pure as snow, and her voice soft as a siren's. She is distinguished alike by genius and accomplishment. She plays on the pianoforte like De Meyer, sings like Mademoiselle Delcy, and dances like Mademoiselle Augusta. Her fortune, moreover, is $300,000 a year—an excellent heart, and a spotless fame. But as a fatal ill-chance would have it—(such was the story which speedily spread through Palermo on the arrival of the fair and eccentric stranger, who was the only daughter of wealthy Russian parents, though born in France)—her mother, about twenty years ago, saw a display of the Phantasmagoria, and was so strongly struck with one horrible spectre in particular, that after eight months she was delivered of a child who would have been beautiful as an angel, if she had not been born with the strange but horrible deformity of *a skeleton hand and a face like that of a skull.*

The sensation awakened by so extraordinary a person, among the lively Sicilians, may be imagined. The lady was known to be the perfection of loveliness in every respect but these two fatal particulars. She was reputed, also, to be of a wayward and very original character, very fearless and independent, and now the sole mistress of her own liberty, and of her enormous fortune. She wore her face covered with a mask and veil, and the fearful skeleton hand carefully gloved.

It was not long before, in spite of these rumored but unseen deformities, her wealth, singularity, and other charms, attracted many a suitor to her mysterious but golden shrine, especially gentlemen of small fortune and high nobility, whom the $300,000 a year could have reconciled to the embraces of the eldest daughter of Lucifer himself; but they had all a fearful trial to undergo before the coveted prize was to be won. The Venus with the face of a skull—the *Crezza di Morto*—receives at home all her lovers, her face covered with the perpetual mask and veil. She sings, dances, enchants, transports, and when ecstacy is at its height, she suddenly lays aside her glove, and reveals first the spectacle of the sacrificed hand, the hand of a skeleton! Some fashionable lovers have been known to endure this horrible spectacle with an unflinching courage; but when this wonderful creature, who appeared sometimes almost to derive a strange gratification from the exercise of this dreadful power to appall and repulse, went a step farther, and raised her veil and took off her mask, no one had yet been found with nerves equal to the fearful trial. Fortune, genius, wit, grace, goodness, loveliness of form, mind and heart, were all hastily and shudderingly resigned, rather than encounter the hideous fate of a life-union with that hand and head of Death! Intrepid soldiers who had dared the dread King of Terrors many a time when appearing in his own grimmest form, shrank back appalled, as well they might, from before his sickening features, when thus revealed in monstrous combination with all the other possible charms of maiden youth and loveliness.

At last the lady met with a lover whose passion she herself could, and did return; a lover who would have been worthy indeed of her, even had not the perfection of her graces, of both mind and person, been marred by the fatal defects I have described. Generous, noble, accomplished, and intellectual, after visiting her from the curiosity with which all Palermo was possessed, the mysterious interest attaching to her—compassion for so unhappy a curse, resting on the unoffending head of one so matchless in every other charm—and delight in the singular powers of mind and the admirable qualities of heart she displayed, soon converted the slight degree of curiosity with which he came, into a true, fervent and exalted passion. For the first time, the lady felt herself loved as she would be, for the first time reciprocated it with a still more lavish wealth of affection, and for the first time dreaded herself the effect of the fatal ordeal to which the attachment of those who sought her hand was to be subjected. Nevertheless, she did not attempt to soften the picture of the spectacle which she told him he would have to behold, even while she confessed her own dread of the effect it would produce upon his affection. But he answered that he loved her heart, and not her person, and that no reality could exceed what he had already pictured to himself, and to which his heart had already fully reconciled his imagination. Fully satisfied, at last, of the sincerity and devotion of his love—a love the more highly to be prized from the nature of the qualities upon which it was bestowed, she consented to the bridal, though she said that she would not endanger its completion by revealing to him the fatal secret of her face until after he should become irrevocably her husband. He might then see all, even though he should on the instant fly from her in horror and disgust. She would, at least, have once been his wife, and should at least have acquired the title, both to the happiness of bearing his name, and to that of bestowing upon him a large share of that wealth, the fatal possession of which had attracted so many suitors, unworthy of it and of her. In a word, the marriage contract was signed, the lady insisting on bestowing upon her reluctant husband half of her enormous estates.

"When ever you will no longer suffer me," she said, "to be your wife, I shall have, in the death to which that sentence will doom me, the comfort of having made happy with riches the only man I have loved, or could love, and he will, at least, repay me with a few tears to my memory."

The nuptial day at last arrives. The singular ceremony is completed, in the midst of an extraordinary magnificence and splendor. The fatal veil which hid the mysterious face of the *Crezza di Morto*, glistens with diamonds. The parties return from the church, and the husband kneels before his wife, to encounter that dread ordeal which none have before encountered and proved equal to endure. She raises her hand to unclasp the fastening of her mask. What an instant for the trembling husband, whose heart almost ceases to beat, and whose countenance becomes stamped with a deadly paleness, as if already in reflection of that which he is about to behold! The mask at last falls—and one instantaneous glance suffices to reveal to him the whole mystery of the *Crezza di Morto*. Through tears of happiness, it is a face of almost angelic beauty that is smiling upon him!

The truth was, that this singular and eccentric creature had carried out the caprice of wearing *two* masks, the under one representing indeed a skull—her object being to protect herself from the arts of those unworthy suitors, whose attraction would be her enormous wealth alone, and to make choice of one who should love her as she would be beloved, for her mind and heart alone. She had also had made a glove for one hand, curiously fashioned to resemble the hand of a skeleton. With these she had effectually frightened off all those upon whom, with her quick powers of discernment of character, she had herself no disposition to bestow that hand. She had come to Palermo from Naples, having come originally from France, where, as I have before said, she was born of Russian parents. This curious history of the *Crezza di Morto*, or "Death's Head" has already moved the genius of all the authors of Sicily, besides having served as a theme for the celebrated poets of the large Italian theatres.—*Old Guard.*

* Crezza di Morto signifies a Death's Head.

Federal Spy.

About the close of the year 1864, a stranger appeared in Richmond, of elegant address and manners, speaking both English and Italian, and whose dark and peculiar features supported the statement that he was a native of Italy. He made himself exceedingly agreeable to the company at the Exchange Hotel, although practising something the reserve of the nobleman; and he was observed with not a little curiosity, until gossip settled on the discovery that he had been seen to visit the State Department, and that, therefore, considering, too, his *distingue* appearance, he must be charged with a "mission" of importance.

Dining one day at the hotel, he took advantage of a casual remark to draw into conversation Mr. Boteler, a member of Congress from Virginia, a gentleman who was supposed to have a great taste for learning. The latter had noticed the sound escaping from a gas-jet over the table. The conversation turned upon the possibility of producing musical notes from such a source; chemistry, acoustics, and other branches of science, were discussed, greatly to Mr. Boteler's relish; and at last the Italian gracefully insisted that the congressman should accompany him to his room to witness some scientific experiments in which he was then engaged. The experiments were shown; Mr. Boteler saw at once that their adjustments were those of a scientific man, and for an hour he roamed with his strange acquaintance over the fields of science, literature, and art, wondering at his varied accomplishments, and fascinated by the charm of his manners.

As Mr. Boteler rose to depart, the stranger said, with the air of communicating an important confidence, "I have something to say to you. The pleasure I have experienced in your company, and the position I know you occupy in your government, encourage me to make a communication that will interest you. I have a mission to Richmond, and I have already partially discharged it, and am now only waiting on your government for a sum of money that is necessary. I belong to the Society of Carbonari! It sympathizes with the Southern Confederacy; and it is the only power in Europe that can compel its recognition, for Napoleon II. is secretly a member of the society, and dares not disobey its mandates. More than this," —and his brow darkened—"I hold in my hand the life of Abraham Lincoln; the victim whom the Carbonari designate cannot elude them."

What impression this important and terrible disclosure made upon Mr. Boteler is not known; but he has never denied that he believed what the man told him. He even went to the extent of appointing a day to accompany the strange diplomat to the state department, and actually engaged to add his influence to the impressions which the latter already reported he had made upon Secretary Benjamin, but to what extent of aiding the mission he did not mention.

The day came; Mr. Boteler attended at the hotel. The Italian was not to be found; he had left the hotel hurriedly that morning. Suspicions were aroused at the state department. Pursuit was ordered on all the roads leading out from Richmond, and fortunately the man, disguised as a peddler, was overtaken and arrested a few miles from the city. He resisted the officers stoutly, and with great insolence; for some time the search to which he was subjected revealed nothing contraband or suspicious; he was about to be dismissed with apologies, when one of the officers, examining his boots, discovered that the heels might be screwed off, and found snugly ensconced therein several sheets of tissue paper inscribed with plans of all the fortifications of Richmond, and with a correspondence giving all the details of its defenses.

The man was carried back to Richmond as a spy. But he was never tried, never punished, and we do not know what became of him—the government being unwilling to give publicity to the incident, and anxious to hush up an affair in which its credulity had been so ridiculously practised upon by an adventurer, who, at best, was nothing more than a charlatan.—*Pollard's Life of Jeff. Davis.*

Night Air.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night, but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say, if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient.

One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate, has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without—every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital, the better.—*Florence Nightingale.*

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

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Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

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When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

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See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FUNERAL.

"Well, if he ain't a grand sight! Why, his head's a-stretching all down past here, and his tail's not out o' the lodge-gates yet!"

The speaker was a country-woman, peeping from the partially-opened door of one of a row of cottages. The doors of all were similarly being peeped through, though the shutters to the windows were closed; and the women and children who were thus gazing exhibited signs of having quitted their household occupations to look at the passing sight.

The intelligent reader may imagine, by the woman's remark, that some indescribable animal of fabulous length was looming by. But it was nothing of the sort: for the "head" was represented by two solemn mutes, gorgeously apparelled in the blackest of black, and the "tail" by a couple of undertaker's men, equally orthodox to look at. The middle comprised all the paraphernalia of a most extravagant funeral—coaches, horses, plumes, velvets, fringe, batons, attendants, carriers, mourners, ribbons, crape, white handkerchiefs, and pomp and vanity.

"I wonder what he cost, now!" continued the woman, in the vernacular of the locality, which did not pay particular regard to genders. "He'll be a sight to remember, he will; and to tell our children on, when we grows old."

"Ah, she have done the thing handsome, she have; she haven't spared no money," replied the matron at the contiguous door, to whom the observation had been made.

"No more she oughtn't to spare it," retorted the first, in an indignant tone. "Ain't it the last money he'll cost her?"

"Except the moniment over his grave in the church. They'll put him up a brave one, from the flag-stones to the roof. But, I say, what was up, that it were put off from yesterday till to-day? The bur'al were fixed for yesterday."

"Some relation of young madam's, that had to come from Lunnon for it, and he didn't get here."

The speaker turned her head, and saw for the first time that a stranger was standing at her elbow. A tall, dark, gentlemanly-looking man, who had been sauntering listlessly up the road, and halted to gaze at the passing procession.

"Whose funeral is that?" he inquired of the woman.

"Mr. Canterbury's, sir," she replied, dropping a curtsey. "Mr. Canterbury's of the Rock."

"A magnificent funeral. He must have been a man of some note."

"The richest gentleman for miles round, sir," answered the other woman, whose tongue was the readiest. "He were our landlord."

"Ah," returned the stranger, glancing down the row of cottages, "that explains why you are all shut up."

"There's not a house on the estate, sir, poor or rich, but what's shut close to-day. He has been took off sudden, like, at last; and not to say an old man neither. But he has been ailing and ailing ever so long!"

"Does he leave a family?"

"A young wife and child. He married her three summers agone. His own daughters were older nor she. Good ladies they be, and— There, sir, look, look! In that shiny black coach-and-four, what's a passing now, there's a gentleman a-sitting forrard; you can see him well."

"What of him?" inquired the listener, wondering at the sudden abruptness of the gossiping woman.

"It's Mr. Rufort, sir, Lord Rufort's son; and he married one of the young ladies, Miss Jane. He is our rector, but another gentleman is to bury Mr. Canterbury, and Mr. Rufort goes as a mourner. There! in that next shiny coach, that old gentleman with gray hair, a-sitting bolt upright, that's Lord Rufort. It's just the way he sits his horse, and never bends his head one way nor t'other. The young ladies have not been friendly at the Rock of late, but they have went up since their father was took worse; all but Mrs. Rufort, and she's ill, and couldn't leave the rectory."

But that the gentleman, listening to all this, was very much preoccupied with his own affairs, not very satisfactory at the present moment, and accorded but half an ear and no real attention, he might have recognized the deceased as one whom he knew at least by name. But it was a positive fact that he did not.

"What is this village called?" he asked.

"Chilling, sir."

"Chilling, eh! And a chilling kind of place it seems to be," he mentally concluded, as he went strolling on his road again.

The funeral procession moved on to a distant church, to the Canterbury vault; and in an hour's course the living portion of it moved back again. A very few of the followers entered the Rock; the greater number stepped into their private carriages, and were driven to their respective homes. Lord Rufort, when requested to go in, started off to his chariot with his iron-gray head in the air, as if there were something indoors that displeased him. Mr. Carlton, of the Hall, went in; Mr. Rufort, Mr. Norris, and Thomas Kage. The women, as we heard, said the ceremony had been put off for a day; it was on account of Thomas Kage. When summoned to attend the funeral, he had pleaded inability to absent himself from London, and then there went up a more peremptory request, urging his attendance.

The family were assembled in the library. Mrs. Canterbury, young and lovely, in her heavy black robes and a dandified apology for a widow's cap, sat with her boy on her knee; Mrs. Kage, a mass of jet, with a new spreading black fan, was on a sofa near; on the other side were the two Miss Canterburys. Mrs. Rufort was unable to quit home; Mrs. Dunn was somewhere in Germany. Thomas Kage shook hands with Mrs. Canterbury in silence, and simply bowed to the rest. He had arrived only an hour before the one fixed for the funeral.

The weighty business for which they were assembled was that of hearing the will read. Perhaps no one present, save the solicitor who had drawn it up, knew what its provisions would really turn out to be.

Mr. Norris proceeded to read it; and the listeners found that rumor, for once in a way, had been correct. The unjust testament, formerly so much talked about, had never been altered. Almost all the property

"OH, THOMAS! YOU DO NOT CARE WHAT BECOMES OF MY INTERESTS?"

was bequeathed to the new wife and child; Mrs. Kage inherited ten thousand pounds, the four daughters of the deceased five thousand each.

"'And I appoint Thomas Charles Carr Kage the trustee for my son Thomas until he shall attain his majority, and I appoint him also sole executor.'"

The above sentence (legally confirmed in other portions of the will), when read out with emphasis by Mr. Norris, was heard with surprise by several in the room, and with the most intense surprise by Thomas Kage himself. His thin face flushed, and the thought that crossed him was, "I shall refuse to act."

"Would any one wish to look at the will?" inquired Mr. Norris, breaking the silence that fell upon the room.

"Oh dear no," murmured Mrs. Kage, in her simpering, affected voice, as she fanned herself with the great black fan, and sprinkled some essence on the floor. "You can put it up, Mr. Norris."

Perhaps the lawyer deemed that the Honorable Mrs. Kage did not represent the interests of the whole company, for he held it out, and glanced at Mr. Rufort. But Mr. Rufort gave a bow of denial.

"There is no more to be seen than you have read, Norris, and our seeing it would not alter it," observed the plain-speaking Mr. Carlton. "My dears," he added, walking up to the Miss Canterburys, "is it your wish to look at it?"

"To what end?—as you observe," replied Miss Canterbury. "No."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Thomas Kage, apparently intending the apology to be general, but speaking to Mr. Norris. "How is it that I am appointed trustee and executor?"

"I obeyed Mr. Canterbury's directions, sir; I know no more," was the answer. And Thomas Kage, who would have liked to say two or three things, thought better of it, and compressed his lips to silence.

Mr. Rufort rose to leave. Mrs. Kage, who seemed to be assuming a good deal of authority, and to cloak it under a more than customary display of inertness, stretched out her fan and tapped him.

"My dear Mr. Rufort, you are not going! We expect you to remain. There's a cold collation laid in the dining-room."

"Thank you. Mrs. Rufort's indisposition obliges me to go home.—Olive, shall I take charge of you and Millicent?" he continued in a low tone to Miss Canterbury.

Miss Canterbury's reply was to rise and put her arm within his.

"We will also wish you good-day, Mrs. Canterbury."

"Dear me, how very unsocial?" broke in Mrs. Kage, as she had recourse to her smelling-salts. "We thought you would all have stayed with us, dearest Miss Canterbury."

The young widow rose and spoke in some hesitation.

"Olive, I shall be happy if you will remain. Do not bear malice. This disposal of his property was my husband's own act."

"Malice!" returned Miss Canterbury, and her tone was certainly free from it, "we do not bear any; you are mistaken if you think so. To-day is not a day for the indulgence of malice, Mrs. Canterbury."

"At least say farewell in cordiality."

Mrs. Canterbury put out her hand, and Olive took it. Olive then stooped and kissed the child, her young half-brother, a gentle little fellow, now two years old. Whatever undue influence had been at work to give him the fortune, part of which ought to have been hers and her sisters', it was no doing of the child's, and Olive Canterbury was too just to visit it upon him. Millicent also kissed him, and followed her sister and Mr. Rufort from the room.

"And now I'll go," cried Mr. Carlton, "and I wish you good-day, ladies. And I wish you luck over your office, sir," he added in a marked manner to Mr. Kage: "it is one I and my old friend, Lord Rufort, scorned to undertake.—Good-day, Norris."

Mr. Norris had been folding up the will, and now laid it on the table.

"Sir," said he to Mr. Kage, "any information or assistance that you may require, I shall be ready to afford." And again the words of rejection rose to Thomas Kage's lips, and again he did not speak them.

The lawyer bowed himself out of the room, and Mrs. Kage rose. The affair had altogether gone off so much more peaceably than she had anticipated, that, inwardly, she was in a glow of congratulation.

"I feel inclined to retire and compose myself for an hour. These gloomy epochs in daily life try one's nerves distressingly; it is a mercy they don't come often. Of all ceremonies, funerals are the worst for delicate susceptibilities, and a will-reading—— Thomas, you see, now, why a second and more urgent summons was despatched to you," Mrs. Kage broke off her fanning and her sentence to say. "I am sure you will look well after my dear child's interests and the little chickabiddy's."

The little chickabiddy had betaken himself to the window, and stood on a chair in his short black frock looking out. As Thomas Kage came back from closing the door after the lady and her fan, Mrs. Canterbury could but notice the marked expression of severity on his countenance.

"Thomas, you are angry! What is the matter?"

"Allow me to put the question to you, Mrs. Canterbury, that Mr. Norris could not answer. Whose doing was it to make me executor to this will?"

"I think my husband was the first to propose it; and I and mamma gladly acquiesced. There is no one I can feel so safe with as you."

"You ought to have inquired, first of all, whether I was willing to act."

"Would you have refused?"

"Yes. As others had already done."

"*Others* had not," she returned. "There was only Mr. Carlton."

"I beg your pardon. There was Lord Rufort."

"But Lord Rufort was an interested party. He wanted a lot of money left to Jane. My husband only asked those two."

"I wish he had asked me. I feel this as a blow. I really do."

Mrs. Canterbury did not like the tone.

"You had better decline to act now," she said in petulant resentment.

"I think I shall," was his unexpected answer.

"Oh, Thomas! You do not care what becomes of my interests?"

"I am anxious for your best interests, Caroline. But, ere consenting to take part in a thing like this, a man should sit down and count the cost."

"What cost?"

"This will is one that will have censures cast upon it from far and wide. The world will bitterly condemn it and all who have part in it."

"We know what the world's scorn is worth."

"Ay, Caroline; but I spoke of the scorn of good men. I, as your relative and the sole executor of the will, cannot hope to escape it; complicity is the least dark reproach that will be thrown at me. It has already begun; when Miss Canterbury and her sister bowed to me on quitting the room, and when Mr. Carlton followed with his marked words, I felt like a guilty accomplice, conscious that I was appearing as such to them."

"I remember, a long while ago, you took *their* parts!"

"Yes," he interrupted, "and the conversation I then held with you ought to have prevented my being thus drawn in. Caroline, I said all to you then that I thought I was justified in saying; I besought you not to suffer so unjust a will to stand; not to deprive Mr. Canterbury's daughters of their rights. Were the case mine, I would cut off my right hand before it should so grasp the property of others."

Mrs. Canterbury let fall some tears.

"My husband was a kind husband to me, and I will not hear this reproach cast upon his memory."

"I cast reproach on you, not on Mr. Canterbury. He is gone. And were he not, where he sitting by your side now, I would honestly aver before him that to you reproach was due, rather than to him. Oh, Caroline, is it possible you can fancy the world does not see this transaction in its true light? That Mr. Canterbury was influenced to make this unjust will, is palpable as are the stars in Heaven. The acting element may have been your mother; but your boasted neutrality was equally culpable. He loved his daughters; and by nature he was not an unjust man."

Mrs. Canterbury wept in silence. Though she had never loved her husband, she felt natural grief at his death. In this moment she was feeling it much, and it was mixed up with a little self-reproach and a great deal of vexation.

"Just tell me one thing," she sobbed forth, as she drew her quiet little boy from the window to her knee; "is this a fit theme for the very day that my husband is put into his grave?"

"Perhaps it is not," he returned, "but the conversation arose with circumstances; neither of us entered upon it with premeditation. We will resume it to-morrow, Caroline; I will stay for it; and by that time I shall have reflected whether or not I will act."

"No," dissented Mrs. Canterbury; "if you choose to take till to-morrow to decide whether you will perform the part of a friend to me and this fatherless babe, you must do so; but if you have more to say on this point, say it now, for not another word will I listen to again."

"Not now: you have reminded me that to-day should be sacred."

"Now or never," she impetuously said; "it shall be for the last time."

"Very well. My decision cannot be given now; but I will say what I have to say, and offer the advice I wish to offer. Unpalatable though it may at first sound, I beseech you, Caroline, to weigh it well. It lies in your power to repair the injustice of the will: *do so*. At least in a small degree; I fear it would be useless for me, or anyone, to urge more. Make over to the Miss Canterburys a sum which will secure to them the income recently allowed them by their father. And should this little fellow ever be taken from you," added Mr. Kage, laying his hand upon the child's head, "divide your fortune with them."

Mrs. Canterbury opened her eyes in wide astonishment. Give over money that would bring them in fifteen hundred a-year!—divide her substance with them in the event of the child's death! She truly thought Thomas Kage must be a little mad to suggest it.

"Your ideas were always utopian, Thomas," she said, when a few almost angry words had passed.

"The time may come when you will see that it is what you ought to do," was his calm answer.

At least Mrs. Canterbury could not see it now. In her heart she was a miser, loving money! loving show, and all the other good things that money can bring. And she took refuge in a subterfuge.

"I would not so insult my husband's memory as to render his acts null and void. He apportioned his money as he judged well; and I shall abide by the decision."

"I will wish you good-bye for the present, then, Caroline."

She held out her hand to him, looking almost beseechingly into his face.

"You will act, Thomas?"

"When I have made up my mind you shall know the result. I can scarcely see which way my duty lies."

As Mr. Kage was turning out of the park-gates into the high-road, he came suddenly upon a gentleman who seemed to be looking about him with some curiosity; at the fine large house, at the magnificent old trees, at the deer that liked to rub their antlers against the massive trunks. It was the stranger who had talked to the gazing and gossiping women earlier in the day. There ensued a mutual recognition.

"Kage, it's never you?"

"Captain Dawkes, I think. How are you? I supposed you had sailed for India. The departure of your regiment was announced some weeks ago."

"Captain Dawkes no longer, unless by courtesy; I have sold out. Which way are you walking? This? I'll turn with you: all ways are the same to me, for I am an idle man just now, and a horribly bored one."

He put his arm uninvited within that of Mr. Kage, and they went onwards.

"I leave for London to-night," remarked Mr. Kage. "Are you making a stay here?"

"The Fates know. Kage, you are a good fellow, I remember that, of old; don't proclaim to everybody you meet in London that you have seen me here. I am in a mess again, and am keeping out of the reach of sheriffs' officers."

"The old story," said Mr. Kage, pleasantly. "Be at ease. I will forget that I have seen you."

"There's a solitary public-house in a hamlet about a mile and a-half from this, and I've taken up my quarters at it, telling the people I'm here for fishing. I got to it the night before last."

"From London?"

"London has not seen me this many a week past. From meandering about from one rural village to another, like a wandering ghost, I wish I was a ghost sometimes."

"Is Mrs. Garston still inexorable?"

"I suppose you know whether she is or not better than I do," retorted Captain Dawkes. "You see her often; I, never."

"I assure you I know nothing of your affairs. As a proof of it, I imagined you had sailed with the regiment. It must be quite a twelvemonth now since Mrs. Garston has allowed me to mention your name. She told me she would throw her stick at my head if I ever breathed it again; and I think she meant it."

"Dreadful old tyrant!" muttered the ex-captain.

Fate and fortune had been playing fast and loose with Barnaby Dawkes since we had last the pleasure of seeing him. Walter Annesley recovered, instead of dying, and Belle lost the promotion intended for her by the gallant Captain. He continued to whisper love to her, to make the sunshine of her existence, and the girl was too happy even to think of anything more. The next turn in his fortune was a legacy inherited by Keziah. Of course Barnaby fingered the

whole of it; it relieved him from some of his worst embarrassments, and sent him back to his duty in Ireland. More debts were made then—it really seemed a mania with Captain Dawkes to make them, as if he were utterly unable to keep straight—and the old ones, unsettled yet, began to press heavily upon him. No resource remained but selling his commission, unless Mrs. Garston would relent. Over to London he came again, and tried her. Keziah tried her. No. The best thing for Barby would be to sell out, was all the answer she gave. And Barby did. A little while of ease and of extravagance, and of making sweet love again to Belle Annesley, and then more debts cropped up. Captain Dawkes, quite on his beam-ends now, had to disappear from the busy world, and hide himself in remote districts. It was a strange chance that brought him to Chilling.

"What are you doing in this part of the country, Kage?"

"I came to attend Mr. Canterbury's funeral. Have you seen much of the scenery about here? It is very beautiful."

"What do I care for scenery? If it showed gold-mines, I might look at it. People are saying his will is an unjust one."

"Very unjust," replied Thomas Kage; "Mr. Canterbury has left his large fortune to his wife and son, to the exclusion of his daughters. The good old notions of right and wrong seem to be out of fashion nowadays."

"Completely so," assented Mr. Dawkes. "Witness the conduct of that selfish old party in London next door to you."

Thomas Kage smiled.

"I don't know the Canterburys, for my part," observed Captain Dawkes; "it's all the same to me how the money's left. Didn't know their place was in those parts until to-day. She is uncommonly charming, they say."

He alluded to Mrs. Canterbury. Thomas Kage did not encourage the conversation, and turned off to pay a visit at the Rectory, wishing his companion good-day. But when he came out again, there stood Captain Dawkes, waiting for another parting word.

"Kage, could you do a fellow a service?"

"What is it?"

"Lend me ten pounds. I'm regularly down in the world, and it will be an act of charity."

"I have nothing like so much money with me," replied Mr. Kage. "And I must keep something for my fare up."

Captain Dawkes bit his lips.

"Couldn't you borrow from some of the rich people down here?"

"No, Dawkes, I cannot do that. I will see what I can lend you," he added, taking out his purse. "Five, six, and some silver. I can let you have four pounds, if it will be of any use."

"Make it, five, Kage—make it five; you don't know how desperately I require it."

The tone was one of painful entreaty; and Thomas Kage, after a moment's hesitation, put five sovereigns in his hand. It would entail his getting back to London in the cheapest manner; but he was one who rather searched, than not, to make sacrifices for others. It was all one to Barnaby Dawkes; provided he got the money, Kage might take the stoker's place on the engine, and welcome.

"Try and say a good word for me with that ancient deaf mummy, Kage! She'll repay you the five pounds," continued the Captain, with cool assurance. "Tell her you let me have it to keep me out of the slough of despond in the shape of the nearest pool." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Disappearance of John Ackland.

A TRUE STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

FROM THE LONDON "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. D'Oiley, the watchmaker, was a strange mixture of practical shrewdness and an inveterate appetite for the miraculous. Spiritualism had not then been invented. Otherwise Mr. D'Oiley would surely have been one of its most enthusiastic disciples. But on the subject of animal magnetism, electro-biology, presentiments, clairvoyance, and second sight, Mr. D'Oiley was great and terrible. The whole story of John Ackland, in all its details, had been discussed in every circle of Richmond society, high and low. Mr. D'Oiley was well up in it; and he had formed very decided opinions about it. He confided them to the wife of his bosom.

"Just look at the case without prejudice," said Mr. D'Oiley, in the confidence of the nuptial couch. "How does it stand, ma'am? It is well known that Cartwright owed Ackland a large sum of money. It is equally well known, ma'am, that Cartwright never had a large sum of money—of his own. How, then, did he get the money with which he says he paid off his debt to Ackland? There are only two ways, my dear, in which that man could have got that money—either by a loan from some other person, to be repaid at the shortest possible date, or by a forgery. The first is not probable. The second is. In either case it would have been a matter of vital importance to Cartwright to regain possession of the money he paid to Ackland. In the one case, in order to liquidate the second loan on which he must have raised it; in the other case, to recover the forged draft before it fell due. The moment he had succeeded in securing Ackland's receipt for the money, he had nothing more to fear from Ackland. Why did Cartwright talk so much about his transactions with Ackland? Why did he show about Ackland's receipt for the money, if it were not to avert suspicion from himself after Ackland's disappearance, by making every one say, 'Cartwright could have had no motive to murder Ackland, for he owed him nothing?' Mark my words, Mrs. D. Time will show that John Ackland never left Virginia alive, and that he fell by the hand of Philip Cartwright."

"But in that case," objected Mrs. D., "why has the body never been found?"

"Time will show," replied Mr. D'Oiley, oracularly. "But you don't suppose that dead bodies are in the habit of walking about with their heads in their hands and showing themselves off, like waxworks? Eh?"

It is needless to say that both Mr. and Mrs. D. believed even more in Miss Simpson's magnetic gift than did Miss Simpson herself. That young lady, whenever the subject of John Ackland was referred to, assured her friends that she did not doubt she had talked a great deal of nonsense about Mr. Ackland, but she had not the least recollection of anything she might have said. This subject was inexpressibly distasteful to her, and she requested that it might not be discussed in her presence. What was very extraordinary, and very much remarked, was the invincible repugnance which, ever since that day at Glenoak, Miss Simpson appeared to entertain towards Mr. Cartwright. She studiously avoided him, and if ever she happened, unavoidably, to find herself in the same room with him, or even to meet him in the street, it was noticed that she became visibly agitated, and turned away her eyes from him with an expression of horror. She either could not, or would not, give any explanation of this conduct, but gradually and imperceptibly Miss Simpson's studious avoidance of Mr. Cartwright affected the relations and intimate friends of this young lady with an uncomfortable and unfavorable impression in regard to that gentleman. Nor did time, as it went by, improve either the fortunes, the character, or the reputation of Philip Cartwright. He neglected his property more than ever, and was constantly absent from Glenoak, haunting the hells, bars, and bowling-alleys of Richmond and all the neighboring towns, apparently with no other purpose than to get rid of time disreputably. He drank fiercely, and the effects of habitual intoxication began to render his character so savage and sullen that in the course of a few years he entirely lost that personal popularity which he had formerly enjoyed.

Poor Virginia Cartwright had a sad and solitary life of it at Glenoak. Her father's affection for her was undiminished; nay, it seemed stronger than ever, but there was a fierceness and wildness about it which was rather terrible than soothing. And he himself had yet the grace to feel that he was no fit companion for his daughter. He was rarely with her, and though numerous friends at Richmond and in the neighborhood never ceased to urge her to visit them, and always received her with a sort of compassionate tenderness of manner, yet their kindness only wounded and embarrassed her. For Virginia Cartwright was sensitively proud, and proud even of her disreputable parent. So the poor young lady lived in great seclusion at Glenoak, of which she was undisputed mistress; and where, by her care and good sense, she contrived to prevent the property from altogether going to the dogs.

CHAPTER XI.

One afternoon in January (a bright, clear, frosty afternoon, when the ice was white on the James River) Miss Cartwright ordered her pony carriage and drove herself over to Richmond. It was just six years since the date of John Ackland's visit to Glenoak, and Miss Cartwright was just sixteen years of age. Any one who saw her as she drove into Richmond that afternoon, with the glow in her dark Southern cheek heightened by the healthy cold, would have admitted that Virginia Cartwright had nobly fulfilled John Ackland's prophecies of her future beauty. People turned in the street to admire her as she passed. After visiting various stores where Miss Cartwright made various little purchases, the pony carriage stopped at the door of Mr. D'Oiley, the watchmaker, and Miss Cartwright, alighting, left her watch with one of the shopmen to be cleaned and repaired, and returned to her by the postman as soon as possible. Just as she was leaving the shop Mr. D'Oiley entered it from his back parlor.

"That is a very valuable chronometer of yours, miss," said Mr. D'Oiley, taking up the watch and examining it. "Not American make. No. I never saw but one watch like this in my life. May I ask, miss, where you purchased it?"

"I did not purchase it," said Virginia. "It was a gift, and I value it highly. Pray be careful of it, and return it to me as soon as you can." So saying, she left the shop.

Mr. D'Oiley screwed his microscope into his eye, opened Miss Cartwright's chronometer, and probed and examined it. Suddenly a gleam of triumphant intelligence illumined Mr. D'Oiley's features. Taking the watch with him, he withdrew into the back parlor, and, carefully closing the door, took down from the shelf several volumes of old ledgers, which he examined carefully. At last Mr. D'Oiley found what he was looking for. "The Lord," exclaimed Mr. D'Oiley, "the Lord has delivered Philip Cartwright into mine hand!"

After nearly an hour's secret consultation with the wife of his bosom, Mr. D'Oiley then repaired to the house of Dr. Simpson, where he sought and obtained an interview with that gentleman.

"Dear me!" said Dr. Simpson. "What is the matter, Mr. D'Oiley? You seem quite excited."

"I *am* excited, sir. This is a mighty serious matter, Dr. Simpson. And truly the ways of Providence are wonderful. Now, look at this watch. Did you ever see a watch like it before?"

"Not that I know of," said the doctor.

"*I* never did, sir, and I suppose I've seen as many watches as any man in these United States. Now, you follow me, Dr. Simpson. And keep your eyes, sir, on this remarkable watch that you see here in my hand. Six years ago that Mr. Ackland, who was your fellow-guest at Glenoak, called at my store, and asked me to clean this remarkable watch, and set it. I took particular notice of this remarkable watch, because it is a *most* remarkable watch, sir. And I took down the number of it in my books. I said to Mr. Ackland, when I handed his watch back to him, 'This is a very remarkable watch, sir.' 'Well, sir,' says he, 'it *is* a remarkable watch, but it loses time, sir.' 'It won't lose time, now, sir,' says I; 'I'll warrant that watch of yours to go right for six years now that I've fixed it up,' said I. Well, sir, and the watch *has* gone right for six years. It's just six years and six months, Dr. Simpson, sir, since Mr. Ackland got this watch fixed up by me, and took it with him to Glenoak. And it's not six hours since Miss Cartwright called at my store, and brought me this very remarkable watch to fix up again."

"God bless my soul!" cried Dr. Simpson.

"You may well say that, Dr. Simpson, sir," responded Mr. D'Oiley. "I said to Miss Cartwright, 'May I make so bold, Miss, as to ask where you happened to *purchase* this watch of yours?' 'Didn't purchase it,' says she, 'it was a gift,' and off she goes."

"But you don't mean to say—"

"I *do* mean to say it, sir. I mean to say that I don't believe Mr Ackland would have given this very valuable chronometer to Virginia Cartwright, who was a mere chit when Mr. A. was at Glenoak. I mean to say, sir, that I *do* believe, and always *have* believed, and always *will* believe, that Mr. Ackland was foully murdered."

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed the doctor: "you have no right to say that, Mr. D'Oiley."

"But I do say it, sir," continued the watchmaker, energetically, "I do say it—to you, at least, Dr. Simpson, sir. For I know that if you don't say it too, sir, you *think* it. And I know that Miss Simpson thinks it. And I say more, sir. I say that the man who gave this watch to Virginia Cartwright was a robber, as well as a murderer. That's what *I* say, sir."

"But you *mustn't* say it," said the doctor, "not unless you are prepared to—"

"Sir," said Mr. D'Oiley, "I am prepared to place this watch in the hands of justice."

"But you have no right to do anything of the kind. Justice will of course restore it to its present legal owner, Miss Cartwright. And let me tell you, Mr. D'Oiley, that this is a very delicate matter, in which any imprudence may easily bring you to trouble. Will you leave the watch—at least for a few days—in my hands? Miss Cartwright will doubtless be able to explain satisfactorily her possession of it. I will promise to see her immediately, and, if necessary, her father also. What do you say?"

Mr. D'Oiley would not consent to relinquish possession of the watch, which, as he again declared, "the Lord had delivered into his hands," but he reluctantly agreed to take no further steps in the matter until Dr. Simpson had seen Miss Cartwright. The doctor went to Glenoak next day and did see Miss Cartwright: from whom he learned that she had received the watch from her father as a birth-day gift, on the occasion of her last birth-day a year ago.

Where was her father? In Maysville, she believed. But it was nearly a month since she had heard from him. To Maysville went the doctor, and the first man he met at the bar of the Maysville hotel was Philip Cartwright. Cartwright was furious when he learned the object of the doctor's visit. "Of course," he said, "the watch had belonged to his poor friend John Ackland, who had given it to him as a parting gift, the very day on which he left Glenoak. And tell that scoundrel, D'Oiley," he added, "that if he don't immediately restore it to my daughter, I'll arrest him for a thief."

That gentleman, however, was neither disconcerted nor despondent.

"It is my conviction, sir," said he, "it has long been my conviction, sir, that I shall be guided by the finger of Providence to unravel this great mystery, and bring detection home to as black a criminal as ever burdened God's earth, sir. And since you tell me, Dr. Simpson, sir, that I have no help for it but to restore this watch to its unrightful owner, I shall take it back to Glenoak, and place it in Miss Cartwright's hands, myself."

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Cartwright thanked the watchmaker for taking so much care of her watch, and bringing it back to her with his own hands. She begged that he would take some refreshment before leaving Glenoak, and remain there as long as he pleased. The weather was not very inviting; but if he liked to ride or walk in the plantation, Mr. Spinks, the overseer, would show him over it.

Mr. D'Oiley thanked Miss Cartwright for her kind condescension to "a poor overworked son of the busy city, Miss." He was not much of an equestrian, and Mr. Cartwright's steeds had the reputation of being dangerous to bad riders, like himself. But there was nothing he liked so much as a good country walk on a fine, frosty day; and, with Miss Cartwright's kind permission, he would gladly take a stroll about these beautiful premises before returning to town.

The first thing that roused Mr. D'Oiley's curiosity, when he commenced his stroll about the beautiful premises, was the shrieking of a miserable old negro, who was wailing under the lash.

"What is the man's fault?" he inquired of the overseer, who was standing by, to see that punishment was thoroughly inflicted.

"Man, you call him, do you?" responded Mr. Spinks. "I call him, sir, a darned pig-headed brute. We can't, none of us, get him to take that load of ice into the ice-house, and it's spoiling."

"Well, but," said Mr. D'Oiley, "the load seems a heavy one, and he don't look good for much."

"Good for much? He ain't good for anything."

"Why won't you take the ice, Sambo?" asked the watchmaker.

"I ain't Sambo," said the negro, sullenly, and cowering; "I'm Ned, old Uncle Ned."

"Well, why won't you do as you are told, Uncle Ned?"

"'Cause poor old Ned he no dare, massa. Old Ned he no like Bogie in de ice-house. Bogie, he worse nor massa by night, and massa he worse no Bogie by day. Poor Uncle Ned, he berry bad time of it."

Mr. D'Oiley had another illumination.

"Well now, you look here, Mr. Spinks. Reckon I'd like to buy that nigger o' you, sir. He ain't worth much, you know."

"Well, sir, he ain't bright. That's a fact. But there' a deal o' field work in him yet. And he was raised on the plantation, you see, and knows it well."

"Ah, indeed!" said the watchmaker, as though very much surprised to hear it. "Knows it well, does he? Say a hundred dollars for him, Mr. Spinks?"

"Not two hundred, sir."

"Name your figure, sir."

"Not less than a thousand, Mr. D'Oiley. I assure you, sir, Mr. Cartwright wouldn't hear of it. He's uncommon fond of this nigger. He's quite a partiality for this nigger has Mr. Cartwright, sir."

"Did you say a thousand, Mr. Spinks?"

"I did, sir."

"Split the difference, Mr. Spinks. Make it five hundred, sir."

"Done, sir."

"Done with you, sir," returned the watchmaker; "and if you'll take my check for it, I'll carry him back in my buggy. Nothing like settling things at once."

"Take your note of hand for a million, sir," responded the overseer, delighted to have sold a broken-down nigger so advantageously, at double the market price.

That very night the owner of Glenoak returned unexpectedly to his ancestral mansion. His first act was to send for Mr. Spinks.

"I want to see Uncle Ned, Mr. Spinks. Send the brute up immediately."

"Uncle Ned? Why, Mr. Cartwright, I've just sold him, and very advantageously. He's not been worth his keep for the last three years."

Words cannot describe the frantic paroxysm of wrath into which Mr. Cartwright was thrown by this announcement.

"But, indeed, Mr. Cartwright," expostulated the overseer, "I thought that, in your interest, when I found Mr. D'Oiley willing to give five hundred—"

"You sold him to D'Oiley?"

"Yes, sir, this afternoon."

"You villain!" howled Cartwright, springing at the throat of the overseer. But his humor suddenly changed. "Never mind, now," he growled, flinging the overseer against the wall, "the mischief's done now. Order round the wagon and team this moment, and bring me all the money you have in the house, and then get out of my sight."

Mr. Cartwright strode up stairs, and entered his daughter's room.

"Virgy," he said, with a dim eye and husky voice, "I'm going away—I'm going at once, and I'm going far, far, far. If you stay at Glenoak, Virgy, maybe we sha'n't meet again; anyhow, not for a long, long while. If you'll come with me we'll never part, my girl; but the way's a long one, and the future's dark as night, and there's danger behind us. What will you do, Virgy?"

"Oh, father, father!" cried the frightened girl, "how can you ask? I will never leave you!"

That night, Philip Cartwright and his daughter left Glenoak, never to return.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was about a fortnight after Glenoak had been deserted by its owners that the much-injured Mr. Spinks, whilst debating with himself the knotty question whether it were best to retain his situation, in the hope of further plunder, or to throw it up in vindication of his outraged dignity, was unpleasantly surprised by a second visit from Mr. D'Oiley, accompanied by Dr. Simpson, Judge Griffin, Mr. Inspector Tanin, and half a dozen constables.

"Now, Mr. Spinks," said Inspector Tanin, "you'll be good enough, if you please, sir, to set all hands on, to remove the ice out of that there ice-house of yours. I have a search-warrant, sir, to search these premises. And do you know what this is, Mr. Spinks? It's a warrant for the arrest of Philip S. Cartwright, whensoever and wheresoever he can be found in the territory of the United States."

"On what charge?" asked Mr. Spinks.

"Murder," replied the inspector, laconically.

Mr. Spinks was persuaded. Mr. Cartwright's slaves were ordered to open Mr. Cartwright's ice-house and remove the ice.

Be it known to the English reader that every country-house in America is provided with an excellent ice-house of the simplest and most practical kind. It consists of a deep excavation in the earth, roofed over with a pointed thatch. These ice-houses are always well filled in the winter, and rarely, if ever, quite emptied during the summer. It was long past dark before the men at work in the ice-house at Glenoak had removed all the loose ice from the pit. The lower layers were frozen as hard as granite, and could only be broken up by the pickaxe: so that the work went on slowly by torchlight. At last Mr. Inspector, who had descended into the pit to superintend this final operation, called to those above for a stout rope. The rope was not immediately forthcoming; and when the submissive Spinks (who had been despatched to get one from the cart-house) returned with it in his hand the excitement of the spectators was intense. Uncle Ned, at his most urgent request, had been exempted from the ordeal of this expedition to Glenoak.

"Now pull!" cried Mr. Inspector from the bottom of the pit, "and pull gently."

The rope came up heavily. No wonder. There was a dead body fastened to the end of it. That dead body was the body of John Ackland. All present who had ever seen John Ackland recognized it at once, in despite of the lacerated skull and partially mangled features. For the ice had so wonderfully preserved the hideous secret confided to its frozen clasp, that the murdered man looked as freshly dead as if he had perished only an hour ago.

In the subsequent search of Glenoak a copy of John Ackland's letter to his cousin was found in Mr. Cartwright's desk. He had not taken the precaution of destroying it. Doubtless he had felt that if once the body of John Ackland were discovered at Glenoak, it little mattered what else was discovered there. And when he learned from his overseer that Uncle Ned had been sold to D'Oiley, he knew that he was a ruined man, and that his paramount concern was to place himself as quickly as possible beyond the reach of the law.

Mr. D'Oiley's triumph was great. He had worked hard for it. Never had he exercised so much ingenuity and patience as in the moral manipulation whereby he had finally elicited from Uncle Ned the revelations which had led to the discovery.

This was the substance of them: Philip Cartwright, whilst riding with his unfortunate guest through his own plantation, had slackened pace, and falling a little to the rear of his companion's horse, deliberately shot John Ackland through the back of the head. The wounded gentleman immediately fell from his saddle. Cartwright quietly alighted, and finding that there was still a faint flutter of life left in his victim, beat him about the head till he beat the life out of him with the butt-end of his gun. He then carefully examined the mare which Mr. Ackland had been riding, wiped every trace of blood from the saddle, turned it, and with a sharp cut of his whip started the beast into a gallop, in a direction away from the house. Thus left alone with the dead body, his next care was to dispose of it. All this happened in broad daylight, a good hour before sundown. Mr. Cartwright's own slaves were still at work in the surrounding fields. They must have heard the report of the firearm; they might possibly have witnessed the fall of the victim. But what of that? They were slaves. Philip Cartwright well knew that none of his slaves could give evidence against him, even if they had witnessed every particular of his crime. He tied his own horse to a tree, and walked leisurely to the gate of the field. Leaning over it he perceived some of his own negroes at work in the adjoining ground; amongst them an old negro, whom he knew by experience that he could intimidate and cow, more easily even than the others. He beckoned this slave to him, and said coolly, as if it were the most natural announcement in the world, "I have just shot a man down; you must come along, Uncle Ned, and help me to carry the body into the ice-house." It was late in the summer season and the ice-house at Glenoak was nearly empty. Quite empty it never was. With some difficulty Cartwright and the slave removed the upper layer of ice, and buried the body underneath it. "And now look ye here," said Cartwright, "if ever you utter to a human being about what's in that ice-house, or what I've told you, or what you've just been doing, I'll flay you alive and roast you afterwards. All the same I won't have any talking, or hinting, or winking. Do you understand? If you don't teach your eyes to forget what they've seen, I'll gouge 'em out. If you don't teach your ears to forget what they've heard, I'll cut 'em off. If you don't teach your tongue to be silent, I'll tear it out by the roots. So now you know what I mean. Get along with you." Before burying John Ackland's body, however, the murderer had rifled the dead man, and repossessed himself of the forged notes which John Ackland (as Cartwright well knew) carried in the belt lent to him by Cartwright expressly for that purpose. Unluckily for Mr. Cartwright, while he was engaged in this operation his eye was tempted by what Mr. D'Oiley had called "that very remarkable watch, sir," and he hastily thrust John Ackland's chronometer into his own pocket. But for this superfluous felony, in all human probability Philip Cartwright would have carried safely with him to his own grave the secret of his great crime.

The first question asked by the present writer of the Virginian gentleman from whom he received the details of this strange story was, "How did Philip Cartwright die?"

"Well, you see the law couldn't reach him in Texas, which wasn't then annexed. But John Ackland's cousin, and some of his friends in the North, and some of us down here in Virginia, constituted themselves a committee of vengeance. They were sworn to have Philip Cartwright's life, but to have it according to law. They found him in Texas, not far over the border, where he had set up a faro bank; and they disguised themselves, and they frequented the bank, and they played against him, and betted with him, till one night they succeeded in tempting him over the border, on the chance of plucking a fat pigeon there: but the officers of justice were waiting for him there; and, by gad, sir, we arrested him, and tried him all square, and hanged him hard."

"And his daughter?"

"Poor girl, she didn't long survive her journey to Texas, and the rough life she had of it there. It was better for her. She was spared the knowledge of her father's guilt, and the humiliation of his death, and she loved the blackguard to the last."

Wonderful Appearances.

Correspondence Omaha Herald.

Since the recent solar eclipse, they have upon the summit of the Rocky Mountain chain what the inhabitants call a "second twilight," so brilliant with colors of mist, shade and fire lights as to pain the eye in its steady gaze upon them, and to leave an impression on the mind that will never be obliterated.

Just as the sun is about to set, a heavy mist gathers on the mountain, and growing dense and denser, it shuts out entirely the last expiring rays of that luminous body; then all is darkness or nearly so for almost thirty minutes; when all at once the heavens become lit up from the horizon all round, far up to a small circle in the centre, with a livid glare of the most dazzling chromatic colors, seeming as though a tremendous bonfire was ablaze below, throwing its glare in clear and steady flames above. This gorgeous and fearfully beautiful scene lasts for nearly an hour, then steals quietly away; and the moon before dimmed by its fiery lustre, regains its ascendancy and lights up the balance of the night in pale shadows, as it is wont to do in other climes.

Now, what causes these chromatic colors? They were never before witnessed by any of the oldest mountaineers. I was in that section at this season last year, and I have never seen so grand and so thrilling twilights, and these have only occurred since the great solar eclipse of August 7th. What does it portend? How does it originate?

Old Sarshay—the learned Ute chief—stands in silence each night gazing at this wonderful phenomenon, and when asked what he thinks about it, replies sadly and slowly:—"Ugh! the Great Spirit is mad! He blows fire! His wigwam is in trouble! White man and red man better feel 'fraid, For the Great Spirit is mad—he is heap angry."

French Pete, the old trapper and miner, says:—"It is now twenty-three years since I have seen the states. I have been eleven years in these mountains; and I have never seen such fiery nights. The winds are damper; they blow milder and the air grows heavier. I don't know how to account for it. It has all happened since the eclipse of the sun. There will be a big fire some of these days that the entire waters of the earth cannot drown out, and these days are coming soon."

If it be true, as one of the professors of the Cincinnati observatory says, that immense volumes of hydrogen gas was thrown out from the centre of the sun to the surface, during the recent solar eclipse, how long will it be before the oxygen will be thrown out, and the ruling and destroying element.

I give these particulars by request, and there are numbers of people in this city who, on last Sabbath and Monday nights, witnessed with me this wonderful phenomenon on the summit of the Rocky Mountain chain, 8,284 feet above the level of the sea. The Cheyenne and Laramie papers will indorse this description.

☞ Mlle. Nilsson had only 100 bracelets before Queen Victoria gave her the 101st. Mademoiselle receives £8,000 for her present engagement in England of two months, all her expenses being paid.

☞ Franklin Pierce was the fourteenth President of the United States. There are fourteen letters in his name, and the first letters of his christian and surname being F. and P., stand for fourteenth President.

☞ An English farmer, by picking over his seed wheat very carefully, and planting the grains a foot apart, raised 100 bushels per acre.

☞ Rev. James Freeman Clarke says, that the familiar hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," now so popular, was written for an extreme radical church in England, and was first introduced to the American public in a Unitarian hymn book.

☞ A New Orleans attorney had for a client, a young woman whose leg had been bitten by a dog, and had referred to the circumstance as an injury to "that elongated member which assists in sustaining the body in its efforts at locomotion."

True Version of a Daring Act.

A reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle visited Admiral Farragut recently, and during his interview alluded to the battle of Mobile Bay and the famous story of the Admiral being lashed to the mast-head of his flag-ship, the Hartford, and gallantly leading her into action. Admiral Farragut interrupted him, saying the whole story was purely a fiction.

Reporter—At least the story has been allowed to remain uncontradicted for a long time. Will you, Admiral, be kind enough to tell me to what cause or incident its origin is due?

Admiral—With pleasure. It will afford you an evidence of how a well told and plausible story, frequently repeated, becomes universally accepted as a fact. At the commencement of the battle in Mobile Bay, for the purpose of obtaining the best view of the movements of the enemy, and to better govern the fleet under my command, I got into the lower part of the rigging of the Hartford, just above what is known as the hammock railing.

Reporter—Was not your position fraught with great peril?

Admiral—I did not think so; but it was fraught with great discomfort. As the smoke ascended from the heavy cannonading my view became more obscured, and I was compelled to ascend the rigging gradually, until finally I got some little distance beneath the maintop. At this juncture Captain Percival Drayton—

Reporter—Your fleet Captain, was he not?

Admiral—Yes, sir; Captain Drayton, fearing, he said, that I might fall overboard in case of being wounded, called one of the quartermasters, and cutting off a piece of the signal halyard (a small rope,) ordered him to bring it up to me, that I might render my position more secure. With this rope I attached myself to the rigging.

Reporter—You were not near the mast-head then?

Admiral—I was not.

Reporter—It is understood that you fired guns from the mast-head; is that true?

Admiral—It is the only true part of the story. I did have a crew in the mast-head who were firing guns—two 24 pound howitzers. This style of warfare is a favorite theory of mine. I practiced it throughout the war.

Reporter—Did all the vessels of your fleet do battle after a similar fashion?

Admiral—Yes, sir; all fought with guns in the tops, and from the advantage of their elevation did considerable execution in their engagements with the forts.

Out of this act of Admiral Farragut's having been some distance up the rigging has grown the famous story of "Farragut at the Mast-head." It is almost cruel to destroy so interesting a fiction, but the truth of history requires it.

☞ West Stafford, Conn., has an old man of 87, who "for 63 consecutive years has raised the same kind of potatoes."

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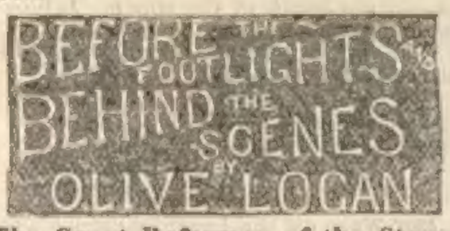

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

I Don't Mean Him.

The following anecdote of Rev. James Axley, familiarly known as "Old Jimmy," a renowned and redoubtable preacher of East Tennessee, was related by Hugh L. White, for many years a distinguished Judge in that state, and afterwards a conspicuous member of the Federal Senate.

It was noised through the town of Jonesborough that Mr. Axley would hold forth on the morning of the ensuing Sabbath. The famous divine was a great favorite—with none more so than with Judge White. At the appointed hour, the Judge, in company with a large congregation was in attendance at the house of prayer. All was hushed in expectation. Mr. Axley entered and with him a clerical brother, who was "put up" to preach. The congregation was composed of a border population; they were disappointed; this was not the man they had come to hear; consequently there was a good deal of misbehavior. The discourse was ended, and Mr. Axley rose. It is a custom in the new country when two or more preachers are present, for each of them to have something to say. The people think that it is a great waste of time to come a long distance and be put off with a short sermon. I have gone into church at eight o'clock in the morning, and not come out again until five o'clock in the afternoon. Short administrations are the growth of thicker settlements.

Mr. Axley stood silently surveying the congregation, until every eye was riveted. He then began:

"It may be a very painful duty, but it is a solemn one, for a minister of the gospel to report vice, misconduct and sin, whenever and wherever he sees it. But especially is this his duty on Sunday and at church. That is a duty I am now about to attend to."

"And now," continued the reverend speaker, pointing with his long finger in the direction indicated, "that man sitting out yonder, behind the door, who got up and went out while the brother was preaching, stayed out as long as he wanted to, got his boots full of mud, came back and stamped the mud off at the door, making all the noise he could, on purpose to disturb the attention of the congregation, and then took his seat; that man thinks I mean him. No wonder he does. It doesn't look as if he had been raised in the white settlements, does it, to behave that way at meeting? Now, my friend, I'd advise you to learn better manners before you come to church next time. But I don't mean him."

"And now," again pointing at his mark, "that little girl sitting there, about halfway of the house—I should judge her to be about sixteen years old—that's her with the artificial flowers on the outside of her bonnet, and the inside of her bonnet; she has a breastpin on, too, (they were very severe upon all superfluities of dress)—she that was giggling and chattering all the time the brother was preaching, so that even the old sisters in the neighborhood couldn't hear what he was saying, though they tried. She thinks I mean her. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart for any parents who have raised a girl to her time of day and haven't taught her how to behave when she comes to church. Little girl, you have disgraced your parents as well as yourself. Behave better next time, won't you? But I don't mean her."

Directing his finger to another aim, he said:—"That man sitting there, that looks as bright and pert as if he never was asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but that just as soon as the brother took his text, laid his head down on the back of the seat in front of him, went sound asleep and slept the whole time and snored; that man thinks I mean him. My friend, don't you know the church isn't the place to sleep? If you needed rest, why didn't you stay at home, take off your clothes and go to bed? That's the place to sleep, not at church. The next time you have a chance to hear a sermon, I advise you to keep awake. But I don't mean him."

Thus did he proceed, pointing out every man, woman and child who had in the slightest deviated from a befitting line of conduct, characterizing the misdemeanor, and reading sharp lessons of rebuke.

Judge White was all this time sitting at the end of the front seat, just under the speaker, enjoying the old gentleman's disquisition to the last degree; twisting his neck around to see if the audience relished the "down comings" as much as he did; rubbing his hands, smiling, chuckling inwardly. Between his teeth and cheek was a monstrous quid of tobacco, which the better he was pleased, the more he chewed; and the more he chewed the more he spat, and behold, the floor bore witness to the results. At length, the old gentleman, straightening himself up to his full height, continued, with great gravity:

"And now, I reckon, you want to know whom I do mean. I mean that dirty, nasty, filthy tobacco chewer, sitting on the end of that front seat," his finger, meanwhile, pointing, true as the needle to the pole—"see what he has been about! Look at those puddles on the floor; a frog wouldn't get into them. Think of the tails of the sisters' dresses being dragged through that muck!" The crest-fallen Judge averred that he never chewed any more tobacco in church.—*Rev. W. H. Milburn.*

Help Yourselves.

An old Oriental story relates that one day Moolla Muscorodeen, in a mosque, ascended the desk, and thus addressed his audience:

"Oh, children of the Faithful, do ye know what I am going to say?"

They answered, "No!"

"Well, then," replied he, "it is of no use for me to waste my time on so stupid a set of people;" and saying this, he came down and dismissed them.

Next day he again mounted the desk, and asked:

"Oh, true Musulmans, do ye know what I am going to say?"

"We do," said they.

"Then," replied he, "there is no need for me to tell you;" and again he let them go.

The third time his audience thought they should catch him; and, on his putting the usual question, they answered:

"Some of us do, and some of us don't."

"Well, then," replied he, "let those who know tell those who don't."

☞ Quite a model piece of condensation is this summing up of a tender passage by a novelist:—"It was not so very absurd. Mr. Johnstone was a little over sixty, and Miss Plumtree was a little over forty. Both were comfortably off, and had calm and sober leanings toward matrimony."

A QUESTIONABLE COMPLIMENT.

HUSBAND.—"Carriage, my dear girl!? Consider the expense! I don't see how we can afford it."

WIFE.—"But, George dear, Mr. Smith keeps a brougham for his wife!"

HUSBAND ("with his logic").—"But she's his second wife, recollect, my dear!!"

[For the life of her, at the moment, she could not see the bearings of this argument, so she dropped the subject.]

Legal Lore.

John W. Crockett and James Gibson were able lawyers, and in full practice, in the early days of Jackson's Purchase. They both resided at Fulton, Hickman county, Kentucky. On one occasion they were employed on opposite sides of an ejectment case, before a magistrate. The court was held in a school-house. Crockett was reading the law to the court, and when he got through, Gibson asked him for his book, saying that the statute just read was new to him. Crockett refused to give it to him on the ground that it was his own private property, and if Mr. Gibson wanted the benefit of law books, there were some for sale. The court ruled that the book was private property, and that Gibson had no right to see it, except with Crockett's consent. Gibson was puzzled, but, being a man of resources, he fell upon a plan which completely upset Crockett's calculations. He stepped back and found under a desk an old copy of Noah Webster's spelling-book, and in addressing the court, he read from the speller:—"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, that all laws heretofore passed (here fitting Crockett's law) be and they are hereby repealed." Crockett sprang to his feet with, "Let me see that book." "No you don't," says Gibson; "this book, sir, is private property, and I am not in the habit of packing law-books around for the benefit of others." It is needless to say Crockett lost his case, Gibson having the last cut at him.

The Bachelor in Love.

A bachelor in love loses a dimple or two, grows melancholy, reads poetry, and looks at the moon; is nervous about his neck-tie and his gloves; consults his aunt as to what kind of hat girls most admire; changes the style of his frequently, but is never satisfied. His countenance is as changeable as his neck-tie; now she has smiled, and he is radiant; now she has frowned, and he wears a furrowed brow, and looks in at the apothecary's windows and thinks of laudanum. He resolves to settle down, and limits himself as to cigars. If his laundress sends him home a bosom not quite perfect, it grieves him to the heart's core. He passes a most golden-haired damsel without a glance. He would like very much to work hard and make a fortune, but he cannot do it. He horrifies his employer by entering as an item in the ledger "1,000 Angels." He goes surreptitiously to so-called clairvoyants, who describe "a light-complexioned young lady, sir, and her face turned your way, and her heart in your hand, if only you can get over the cross between you." He thinks the cross is young Fiasco, and grows dangerous. Suddenly you see the bachelor in love amazingly altered. He smiles, looks happy, eats comfortably, and nods to his old enemy Fiasco. Then you may be sure that he has, somewhere in his bosom, a certain *carte de visite*, and that the original of the picture has blushingly advised him to "ask pa."

A HOME THRUST.—Daniel Webster wrote, after continued provocation, to the editor of a newspaper which referred to his private affairs, and especially to his not paying his debts. He said substantially:—"It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that I owe money. One cause of this is that I have not pressed those who owe me for pay. As an instance of this, I enclose your father's note made to me thirty years ago for money lent him to educate his boys."

The Non-Beef-Eating Nations.

The rice-eating Hindoos at one time took a better position among the nations than they do now, but neither in war nor in peace did they ever attain to anything of the standard of Europe or America. The Japanese have for ages been a fish, rather than a flesh-eating race, and all travellers agree that they have rather receded than advanced from the low standard of civilization to which they had attained a thousand years ago. The Chinese are as peaceable and inoffensive as we would suppose a nation of rice-eaters might necessarily be. They have developed, it is true, a genius for mechanical arts, and a quiet skill in unique handicraft; but of those broad purposes of action, that made Rome the mistress of the world, that now compel the eyes of the planet to turn to France, England and America, China has known nothing for the long centuries of her history. And here I may say, that in the estimating the relative position of any nation in history, we do not consider alone its literature, nor its commerce, nor its mechanical genius, nor its religion, nor its system of education, nor its success in war and legislation, nor its specimens of individual greatness, but all of these combined. Careless observers and thinkers, on visiting for the first time the coasts of China and Japan, are sometimes so powerfully impressed with the originality and patience and mechanical genius of the people, that they at once accord to these nations a higher relative position than they really deserve, or have ever been awarded by the common voice of mankind.

The diet of the nations of Africa, and of most of the islands of the sea, is usually quite meagre, and has too little variety to afford the best kind of nutrition. The inhabitants of some districts of South America eat clay; certain negro tribes feed on ants; the savages of a large portion of the tropical regions subsist almost exclusively on fruit; the Greenlanders gorge themselves on train oil and blubber; and the peasant of the Apennines oftentimes makes his entire meal of roasted chestnuts; the lower classes of Europe everywhere regard meat as a luxury and not as a daily necessity, and the potatoes and sour milk of the Irish have become proverbial. But what have the natives of South America, the savages of Africa, the stupid Greenlander, the peasantry of Europe, all combined, done for civilization, in comparison with any single beef-eating class of Europe?—*Dr. Beard, in Hours at Home for September.*

DOWN THE RIVER.

Slow down the river we drifted together,
Close to the shore,
Talking of birds and of bright sunny weather—
Love's tender lore.
Bright were the waves, but her blue eyes were brighter—
Deeper by far;
White were the lilies, but fairer and whiter,
Pure as a star,
Was her sweet face, with its swift-fading flushes,
Turned toward the shore,
Watching the quiver of reeds and rushes,
Stirred by my oar.

Bright was the sunlight about us; his tresses
Drooped 'round her face,
Touching her white neck with tender caresses,
Charmed by its grace;
Oh the strange brightness that hung o'er the river,
Flooding the air!
Life would be sweet could we float on for ever,
Free from all care,
Just as we floated that day o'er the billows,
Careless and free,
On down the river, past tangled old willows,
On toward the sea!

Birds sang around us their songs sweetly tender,
All the bright day,
Deep in the shadow of some old tree's splendor,
Hidden away.
Down in our hearts was a melody sweeter
Far than the birds',
Richer and rarer, ah! yes, and completer—
Too sweet for words!
Eye spoke to eye, and our hearts knew their meaning,
Thrilling the while,
With a strange joyance, and, over us leaning,
Bright with a smile,
Arched the blue sky, full of summer's mild glory,
Whilst in our ear,
Winds whispered softly a vague, dreamy story,
Pleasant to hear.

So down the river we drifted together,
Past the tall reeds—
Past lilies laughing to see such sweet weather—
Past tangled weeds—
Under the willows that held their arms o'er us,
Laden with shade,
Whispering softly, in low, dreamy chorus,
Songs of the glade;
Over the water, in sunshine and shadow,
Drifted our boat,
On past the forest and pasture and meadow,
slowly afloat.
Thus toward the sea in that bright sunny weather
Drifting away,
Into the ocean of love we together
Glided that day.

☞ Figurative clothing—The land's cape.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cheap Ice-Houses.

To satisfy the numerous inquiries which every year flow in upon us early in autumn, we must give pretty regularly a chapter on ice-houses. This year almost everybody that inquires asks about cheap houses. The cheapest ice-house we know of is really no house at all. Many years ago we knew of its happening in Virginia, that there was a very cold spell, and a gentleman wishing to save the ice, and having plenty of straw, made a floor of rails, 14 feet square, which he covered with straw two feet thick; then layer after layer of ice was piled up, kept in place by stakes and boards perhaps, and when the pile was high enough, straw was stamped down around it, and a wall built probably six or eight feet thick, and the whole was capped and thatched like a stack. The ice kept well through the summer. All the conditions of a good ice-house were met—drainage, non-conducting walls, and a slight degree of ventilation, or rather a change of air, through diffusion. In whatever way we meet these conditions we shall succeed in keeping ice. The most successful packers put a very thick mass of straw at the bottom.

In building it is cheapest to use good materials. It is rare that we save much in employing cheap lumber. The sills of the building should rest on a stone foundation, to keep them as dry as possible, and it is best to lay this in cement mortar. A tight floor (or a cement floor) may be laid, having a slight incline, in connection with a drain to carry off the water, or the floor may be laid so as to let the water through it. On this rails are laid, which are to be covered with straw, to support the ice. Upon the sills, which may be 10 inches wide and 8 inches thick, a frame is set up of 10-inch hemlock planks, 2 inches thick, 3 feet apart, nailed to the sills with a 3x4-inch strip, as a plate, nailed outside on the tops of the upright planks. To the planks are nailed the inside wall and the weather boarding. These double walls should hardly be less than 8 feet hight, and as the weather boarding is put on, the space between the inner and outer boards is filled with spent tan bark, planing-mill or carpenters' shavings, sawdust, or any similar porous filling, put in dry, and well packed. The roof rests upon the plates described, and it is best to have the eaves extend a good way beyond the side of the building, though not essential. The ice should never be filled much if any above the plates; and the best place for the door is in the gable end, above them, although a door may be made in the north end, going nearly to the ground. This is a convenience, both in packing and in taking out the ice, and may remain closed and tightly packed until the house is nearly empty. Such doors are made with a common door for the outside, but within, instead of another door, is a series of boards, to fit horizontally between cleats in the door posts. Tie the roof down, if necessary, by nailing strips from several of the rafters on each side to the plank stanchions forming the walls, or allow some of the stanchions to extend above the plates, and nail or pin them to the rafters. The space between the sill and the roof should be as little as possible, but there should be a few auger-holes or a sliding shutter in the north end, to provide ventilation. With such a house, 12 feet, square, or 12x14, or larger still, we think there will be no difficulty in keeping ice the rear round. A structure such as we have described, may be built very cheaply if a man does a good part of the labor himself, and any farmer in the country ought to be able to do it all.—*American Agriculturist.*

Concrete Door-steps.

Three years ago I wanted some door-stones. I had some cement left after making a cistern. I made square boxes, at the door where I wanted the steps or door-stones, just in the shape I desired the door-steps. I then mixed up coarse gravel and cement and made a mortar or concrete, mixing in cobble stones, and filled these boxes or moulds. In a short time I removed these moulds and placed boards over the steps for people to walk over till the concrete was hardened. These cement steps remain perfect, neither the frost nor weather having injured them, and they are now so hard that they wear as little by walking over them, as would a common stone.

I think this the cheapest way to get up a set of door-stones. They should be made in the spring of the year, so that they can have the summer and fall to harden in.—*New England Farmer.*

How to Save Girdled Fruit Trees.

A correspondent of the Nashua Telegraph, says Mr. Lemuel Town of that place practices successfully a method of his own invention for saving girdled trees. His method, which was first applied to a fruit tree in his own garden in Milford, is to graft five or six scions as large round as a goose quill and long enough to reach over the girdled place, into the tree. The live bark is first notched above and below the girdle, the sprouts sprung into place and the ends fastened with wax these scions grow rapidly and in time spread over the whole girdled surface. Two thrifty apple trees standing upon the premises of Mr. Samuel B. Weston, on Temple street, in Nashua, were completely girdled by mice eighteen years ago, one of them having the bark taken off over a foot in width on one side, and were saved in the above manner by Mr. Towne, and they are still in good bearing condition.

RECEIPTS.

APPLE PUDDING.—Fill a dish 1½ inches deep with sour apples, pared and quartered. Spread over them a batter made of 1½ cupfuls of flour, a little salt, ½ half teaspoonful of saleratus, and wet with milk (loppered milk is best), to make it as thick as the batter can be spread. Bake in a quick oven, and when done turn it bottom upward on a platter, and sprinkle with sugar, or serve with any sauce.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Here is a pumpkin or squash pie without sugar or eggs, and pronounced "fit for a king:"—Stew and strain the pumpkin or squash as usual, add boiling milk till it is left about one-third thicker than the ordinary preparation, then thin and sweeten with equal quantity of molasses and bake one hour in a hot oven.

Those who have always made pumpkin pie with eggs, will be surprised to find how good this is without any.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 80 letters.
My 2, 38, 80, 9, 24, 67, was a Judge of Israel.
My 3, 70, 10, 54, 26, 36, was an ancient mountain.
My 5, 58, 35, 77, 47, 44, was an ancient animal.
My 6, 21, 63, 51, 43, 79, was a heathen idol.
My 8, 19, 37, 49, 60, 29, was an ancient mountain.
My 10, 28, 56, 73, 41, 59, was an ancient province.
My 11, 38, 79, 71, 62, 17, was an ancient metal.
My 14, 30, 20, 57, 72, 64, was a musical instrument.
My 15, 55, 42, 23, 34, 7, was a King of Israel.
My 22, 50, 69, 76, 56, 42, was an ancient city.
My 27, 1, 49, 78, 64, 40, was an ancient town.
My 31, 7, 60, 40, 53, 75, was a prophet.
My 45, 4, 33, 39, 74, 68, was a Jewish woman.
My 46, 10, 32, 56, 12, 16, was a precious stone.
My 48, 1, 25, 65, 18, 69, was an ancient queen.
My 52, 13, 28, 61, 78, 8, was a Jewish measure.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Metagram for the Young Folks.

I am a word of three letters, and am considered a delicacy by the little folks.

Change my first, and I am what boys dearly love.

Change my first again, and I am a terror to debtors.

Again change my first, and I am an instrument of death.

Change the first again, and I am an inhabitant of Europe.

Change the first again, and I belong to a religious order.

Again change my first, and I am what badly scared boys will do.

Change the first again, and without me life would be dark and dreary.

Now, boys and girls, tell me what I am.

FELIX.

Mathematical Question.

The semi-axes of an ellipsoid are 20 and 30 feet. Required—the maximum right cone that can be cut from the ellipsoid of revolution. ELI FLINT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

What is the average distance between two points taken at random in a given straight line? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A pole, standing perpendicularly at the foot of an inclined plane, was broken by the wind 50 feet from the top, and struck 39 feet up the plane; and being repaired, the broken part was shortened so as to be exactly the length of the stump. It broke again in the same place, and the top struck 21 feet further down the plane. Required—the original height of the pole.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When did the Israelites resemble old cheese? Ans.—When they were mighty (mity.)

☞ Where did Joseph go when he was fifteen years old? Ans.—Into his sixteenth year.

☞ Why are the fair sex like the letter L? Ans.—Because M N (men) follow them.

☞ Why is the letter W like a busybody? Ans.—Because it is in all work.

☞ Why is the letter G like the sun? Ans.—Because there could be no light without it.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—"Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the *key* often used is always bright."

TRANSPARENT JELLY PIE.—One cupful of butter, one cupful of powdered white sugar, and four eggs, well beaten. Bake the crust, then pour in the mixture, and put it back in the oven, for a few minutes, until the mixture becomes stiff.

HOW TO TREAT BOOTS.—When I have them, and find they fit, I wear them on a dewy morning until they are wet through, pull them off carefully not to alter the form of the foot, and let them remain a little distance from the fire; get mutton-suet, beeswax, Burgundy pitch, resin, and linseed oil, place them on the fire, and by the time it is melted the boot will be dry enough to brush it on and fill up all the joints till they are full; lay coat upon coat over the boot until it is nearly one-quarter inch thick. When it is hard, hang them up on the rack in the kitchen, farthest from the fire, and let them remain four months; then wear them for a week or fortnight, and give them another coat, and let them remain six months. By this means I have dry feet during three months of woodcock-shooting, where there is a great deal of mineral water, which is most penetrating. The boots ought to have the above solution rubbed over them once a-week, without the linseed oil, during the season, and every morning well rubbed with tallow.—*A Young Sportsman of the Old School.*

SAUERKRAUT.—To make sauerkraut, the cabbage is sliced by means of a knife fixed in a frame, and is something like an inverted plane. A clean barrel is lined with cabbage leaves on the bottom and a short distance up the sides. A layer of three inches of cut cabbage is put in and pressed down by the hand, and sprinkled with 4 tablespoonsful of salt. Four layers are put in in this way, and then the whole is packed down hard with a wooden pounder. Four more layers follow, with another pounding, and so on until the barrel is full. Cover with cabbage leaves, and put on a board-follower with a heavy weight, and set away to ferment. Remove the scum at the end of three weeks, and if necessary, add water enough to keep the kraut covered.

☞ Poets sometimes steal from themselves. In Tennyson's latest poem, "The Mystic," occurs the phrase "divinely tall," which is found in his "Vision of Fair Women," published twenty-five or thirty years ago.